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MAGAZINE



January

Joan
Crawford

THRILLS

of the Stars that

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JANET GAYNOR CHARLES FARRELL

in *delicious*

It's well-named...this most entrancing of Gaynor-Farrell romances. Here Janet is a Scotch lass...very close to your heart. A handsome American (Charlie Farrell to you) falls madly in love with her, a romantic Russian adores her, a Swede befriends her and a burly Irish detective pursues her!

You've never seen such a comedy of errors, so gay a tangle of laughter and romance. A love story *deliciously* different!

Six sparkling musical hits by world-renowned George Gershwin, composer of "Rhapsody in Blue," are woven into the story. You'll enjoy Gershwin's new and brilliant "Second Rhapsody."



Ask the manager of your favorite theatre when they're playing *DELICIOUS*. And keep an eye out for other superb attractions soon to come: *Elissa Landi* and *Lionel Barrymore* in *THE YELLOW TICKET*, *Will Rogers* in *AMBASSADOR BILL*, *James Dunn*, *Sally Eilers* and *Mae Marsh* in *OVER THE HILL*.

FOX

DEC 11 1931

R E F L E C T I N G T H E M A G I C o f H O L L Y W O O D

VOLUME
TWO
NUMBER
THREE

Silver Screen

JANUARY
NINETEEN
THIRTY TWO

ELIOT KEEN

ELIZABETH WILSON
*Assistant Editor**Editor*ALBERT P. SCHLAFKE
Art Editor

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COVER PORTRAIT
OF JOAN CRAWFORD
BY JOHN ROLSTON CLARKE

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EXTRA!**M-G-M****NEWS****EXTRA!**

THE KNOCKOUT PICTURE OF THE YEAR!

Don't fail to get a ringside seat at your favorite movie theatre to see Wallace Beery as "the Champ" fight for his boy, Dink (Jackie Cooper). You will be thrilled beyond words by this story of a battered, broken down pugilist trying to stage a comeback because his boy believes him to be the greatest fighter in the world. You will not be ashamed to brush away a tear as the Champ makes his last great sacrifice for his boy. And you will say, with millions of other movie fans, "Beery is great — Jackie Cooper is marvelous — The Champ is truly the knockout picture of the year!"



He loved this boy of his more than anything else in the world—but knew that the best thing he could do for him was to go out of his life forever . . . a world of pathos and cheer in a picture you will never forget!

**WALLACE****JACKIE****BEERY · COOPER***The* **CHAMP***with* **Irene RICH — Roscoe ATES****A KING VIDOR PRODUCTION***Story by Frances Marion Dialogue Continuity by Leonard Praskins***A METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER Picture**

"Pale Hands I Loved"

Poets sing of
beautiful hands.
Ivan Lebedeff
kisses them



**June Collyer's hands
express her refine-
ment and culture**

Have you beauty
at your finger-tips?

By

MARY
LEE

WE ALL talk with our hands—loudly! They are dreadful gossips. Such tattle-tales! They certainly do tell on us! This is one point where we can't deceive. But, fortunately, the best of us as well as the worst of us is revealed in them. And it is quite possible to change the worst to better and the better to beautiful.

The condition of your hands reveals your habits of cleanliness and fastidiousness. The mannerisms of your hands reveal your character even more than their shape. Size seems to be quite unimportant. The loveliest hands I have ever seen were quite large.

If your hands are not well-groomed, evincing lady-like care, you will surely be self-conscious about them and in trying to hide them your movements will be unattractively secretive and furtive, which will cause people to mistrust you.

The hands convey so much and so quickly that we cannot afford to overlook any aspect of their effect on our appearance. Great actresses have used their hands so well that they became famous for their beauty. Duse's hands were so eloquent that every emotion and thought could be read in them.

Mark Twain's hands were so beautiful, so expressive that he often stopped in the middle of a sentence and completed the thought with a gesture.

The hands represent the only really universal language. What are yours saying to the world? I hope

they don't say, "Here is a lazy, careless girl who expects more from the world than she is willing to give. This girl isn't really fastidious, is not truly dainty in her habits or she wouldn't endure that rough cuticle and soiled edges on her finger-nails." Let's hope they are telling the world nicer things than that. Anyway let's see to it that they say really complimentary things about you. It pays to be especially careful of them in the winter for they require a little extra attention to counteract the effect of the cold. Chill air seems to sort of shrivel the skin. And then the grime from the many smoking chimneys seems to imbed itself in the crevices. Our only defense is the use of gloves, cold cream and a good brush.

Nourish your hands with a good hand cream. Get a very rich one if your hands are exceptionally dry in winter. Apply this every night massaging it well around the nails and into the palms as well as the backs of the hands. Use an upward stroke as though you were putting on a pair of gloves. This is not only the best massage for the hands, but it will remind you to put on a loose pair of gloves to sleep in.

Medicated gloves can be bought, but they are quite expensive, and I feel sure that you can get much the same result with what you have on hand (pardon the pun). Even if the gloves you sleep in are old and worn, be sure to have them cleaned first.

Manage to take time enough to dry your hands thoroughly after each washing—and to dry them gently. While the cuticle is damp push it back carefully with the towel.

If the soil under the nail seems very stubborn about letting go, it is probably because there is some roughness of the skin under there and to dig harder and deeper only aggravates the condition. Better to let it alone and encourage smoothness by night application of cuticle cream or cold cream under the nail. The next morning wash it out with a good stiff brush and soap. Repeat this performance until the undernail skin is smooth, then any soil can be [Continued on page 64]

Mary Lee Will Help You to Beauty Free

Just write to Mary Lee and she will help you with your personal problems of beauty—weight, skin, hair. If you would like her personal advice send her a stamped and addressed envelope. Mary Lee's address is care of SILVER SCREEN, 45 West 45th Street, New York City



Marilyn

MILLER

IN

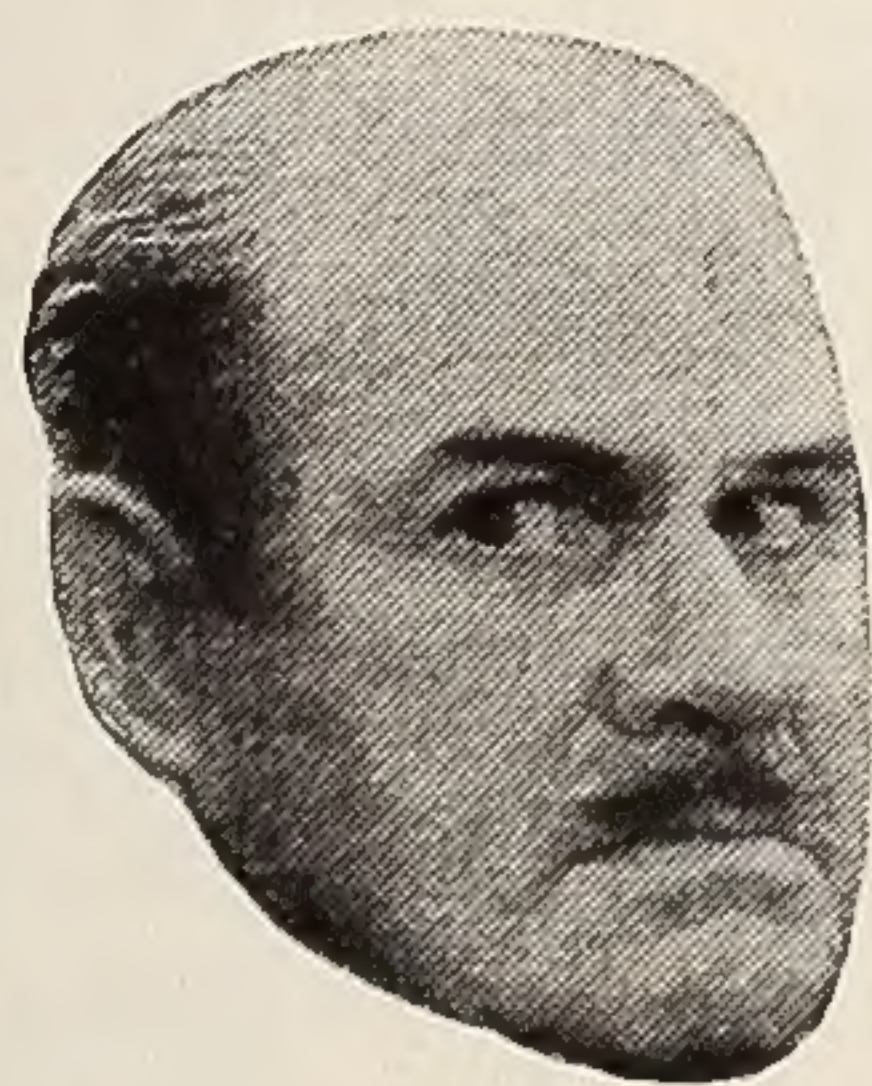
"Her Majesty, LOVE"

with **BEN LYON**

and
the
Screen's

4

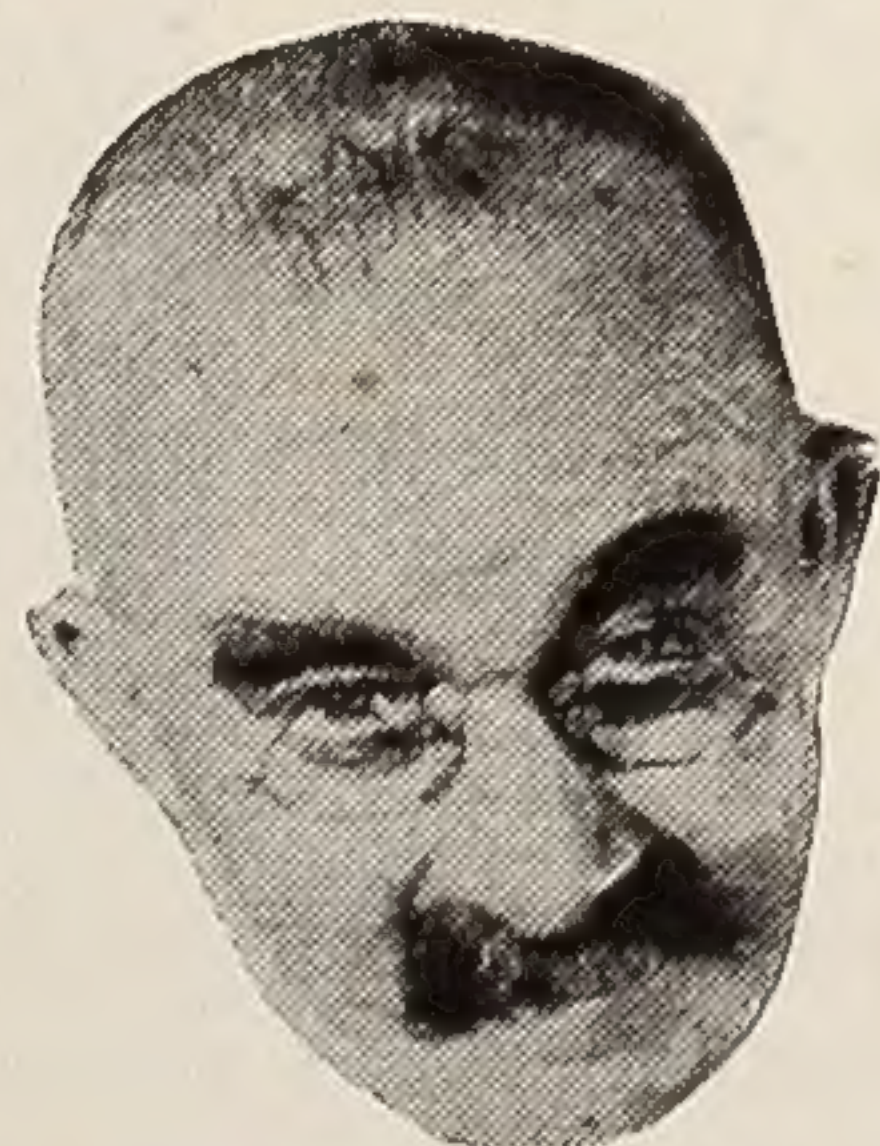
**GREATEST
COMEDIANS**



FORD STERLING



LEON ERROLL



CHESTER CONKLIN



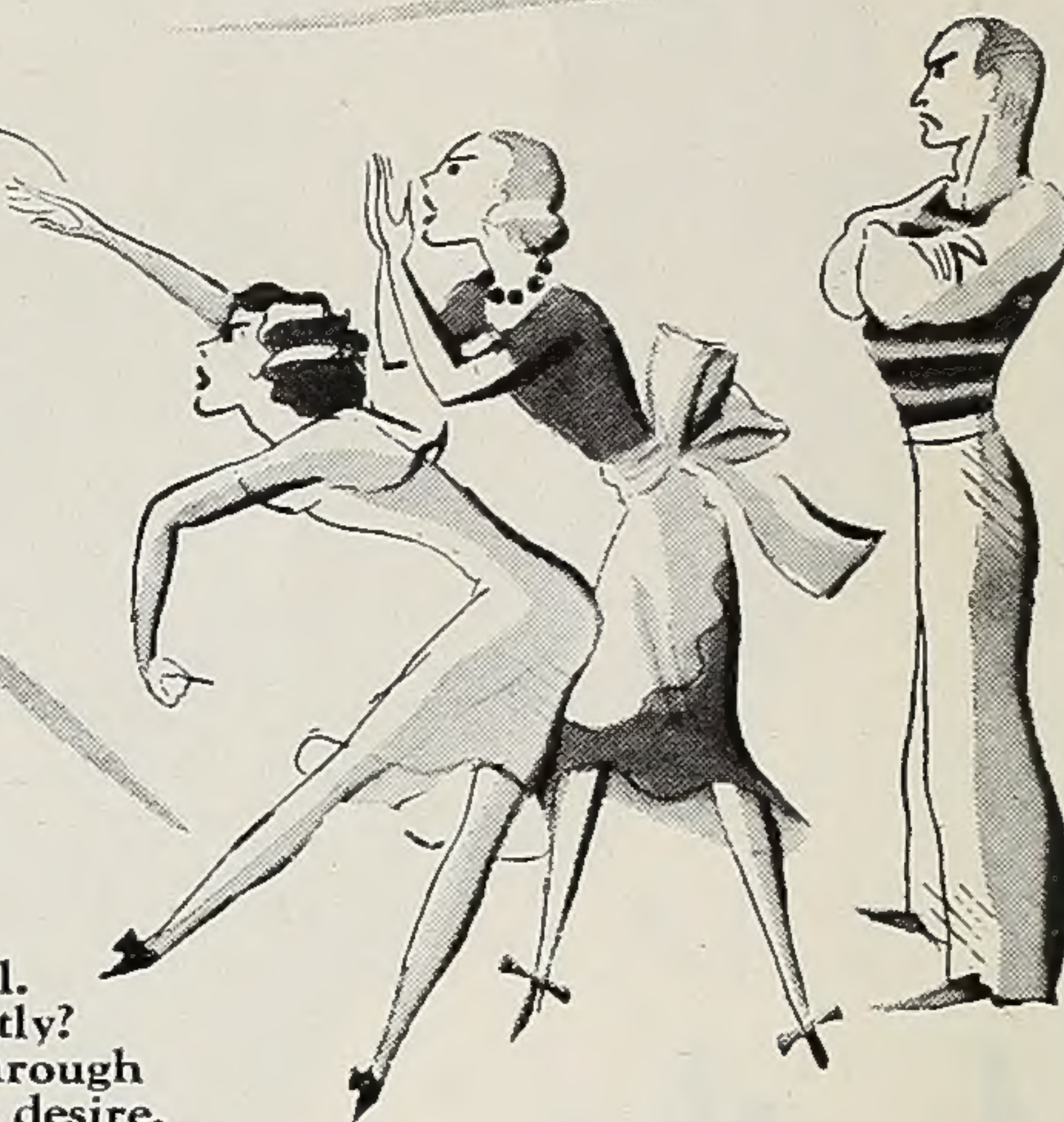
W.C. FIELDS

Chase the blues away!...Laugh-time is here!...Make merry with Marilyn...The gayest laugh-show on earth...Tunes you can whistle...Wisecracks you'll remember...A swift-moving medley of song, rhythm and LAUGHS...Magnetic Marilyn singing!...The screen's four greatest comedians...Gus Arnheim's Famous Coconut Grove Orchestra...Rhythm and romance...Miss Miller's best picture with the most brilliant supporting cast ever assembled.

Directed by
WILHELM DIETERLE

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

LOVE AND HISSES!!



THE Lovers and Hissers this month have united in one long cheer for Gable. Comedy pictures are demanded, the logic of their need has been explained and their success forecast; all right, we'll have some comedies. Barbara Stanwyck has captured more and more fans and they are writing nice letters about this strange and well beloved girl. How do you feel about the players? Which one is being treated unjustly? Which one is the undiscovered genius? Write in and tell the world through this page just how you would re-mold the movies nearer to your heart's desire. Three prizes for letters not longer than 200 words. \$15 First Prize, \$10 Second and \$5 Third.

BEST LETTERS OF THE MONTH FIRST PRIZE

Chicago, Ill.

What matter if Greta Garbo has more "allure" than Marlene, or Constance Bennett has more sophistication and poise than the great Shearer, or if Kay Francis can wear clothes with more effect than Mrs. Edmund Lowe? I ask you again, who cares? As long as the Four Marx Brothers can clown away your blues, as long as "Skippy" Cooper can tear at your heart strings, as long as you can gnash your teeth at Edward G. Robinson and James Cagney, as long as you can thrill at Barbara Stanwyck's naturalness—Why, who cares?

Starr Icyda

SECOND PRIZE

Cedar Rapids, Ia.

Greta Garbo and Clark Gable! What a superb team! Those scenes in "Susan Lenox", if nothing else, should slate Gable for stardom. His work in "A Free Soul", and later in "Sporting Blood" marked him a sure bet, but it took this story with Greta Garbo to make it a certainty.

Take it from me, he has SOME appeal. No small wonder a woman would rather yield to his caresses than accept the calf-love of a goody-goody boy. He is all that heavy love menace in a picture should be.

J. De Priest

THIRD PRIZE

Washington C. H., Ohio

What's all this nonsense about Clark Gable? I see nothing particularly alluring in his screen personality. Personally, I think he's more of a fake, and not at all handsome. However, it seems, for some unaccountable reason, he has succeeded in captivating much feminine admiration. Still, why star him with the immortal Garbo? Can't you give her someone like Fredric March or even Bob

Montgomery? The story of "Sporting Blood" was good, but Gable was not the right character for the rôle he portrayed.

For me, someone like Eddie Lowe. His acting in "The Spider" was excellent, but I'd like to see him in a real deep drama which isn't shrouded in murder mystery. Let's have it—after that trip to Europe, of course. He can make audiences laugh and cry.

Joyce Bishop

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU, MARY!

Denver, Colo.

All my love to the movies. They mean so much to me. Two years ago, as a result of an auto accident I was left a hopeless cripple. I will never have good times like other girls my age. No man will ever claim me as his bride. But don't pity me!

Twice each week, a jolly cab man lifts me into his cab, and takes me to the theatre of my choice. Kindly ushers carry me to my seat. There, for two hours, I live gloriously in the land of make-believe. My body becomes straight and lovely, and garbed in creations like Garbo's or Bennett's. Romance in all of its beauty and tenderness, comes to me.

Clark Gable holds me in his strong arms; Lew Ayres' hungry lips seek mine. I love and am loved.

Then the scene changes, and I laugh gaily at Mickey Mouse, or Charley Chase. Through the newsreel, I visit strange places and peoples. I see sporting events and leading personalities of the day.

Then I go home to live it all over again in my imagination, and plan my next excursion into the magic Land of the Movies.

No Hisses from me, but all of my Love.

Mary Bryan

THAT'S DEVOTION

Yonkers, N. Y.

I quite agree with Sally Forth that no two people know more about the art of

acting than Ann Harding and Leslie Howard. Ann was marvelous in "East Lynne" and Leslie certainly helped put "Five and Ten" over.

I recently saw Ann and Leslie in their new picture "Devotion". They each gave a very fine performance.

Ann Harding is one of the most beautiful women on the screen. She is a woman with poise, character, refinement, and charm.

Leslie Howard is a very fine actor and typifies the perfect gentleman. It is great to see two such fine people in a picture together.

Let us hope to see more of Ann Harding and Leslie Howard.

A. Whalen

HOPKINS MAD

Peekskill, N. Y.

Three Cheers for Miriam! After seeing Miriam Hopkins in "The Smiling Lieutenant" I think she's grand. When "Twenty-Four Hours" came, I saw that. What a voice she has. It's wonderful. Let's have more of Miriam's singing. All my friends love her. So Three Cheers for Miriam Hopkins and a great star.

Fannie Doyle

TAKES AN ENCORE

Omaha, Neb.

I have just enjoyed seeing "Cimarron" for the second time. Saw it about eight months ago and really enjoyed it more this time. The first time you see a picture you are so wrapped up in the stars, you rather neglect the rest of the cast, which are as essential in the making of a picture.

Saw Miriam Hopkins in "Twenty-Four Hours" and she is marvelous. That is another picture I must see over.

That also goes for Greta Garbo and Clark Gable in "Susan Lenox."

Loretta Dennison



IS THERE A
SUBSTITUTE
FOR LOVE?

Howard Hughes
P R E S E N T S

*"The AGE FOR
LOVE"*

- As interesting as "Hell's Angels"—as true to life as "The Front Page," this great picture answers the question — "Can the HOME survive modernism?"

- It is a modern picture based on the day's most common problem—should the young wife work? It will grip you—interest you—entertain you—let you see behind the scenes of life's greatest drama.

- "The Age For Love" is now ready for release. Take the whole family for a memorable evening's enjoyment.

"UNITED ARTISTS PICTURE"

FROM ERNEST PASCAL'S
SENSATIONAL NOVEL

WITH

BILLIE DOVE · CHARLES STARRETT
LOIS WILSON · MARY DUNCAN
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON

A
FRANK LLOYD PRODUCTION

WATCH FOR NEWSPAPER ANNOUNCEMENT

TALKIES in TABLOID

(These brief reviews are just long enough to serve as sign posts; to point your way to the pictures that you will want to see—or stay away from)



Louise Fazenda and "Schnozzle" Durante in "The Cuban Love Song" showing how romantic atmosphere affects the love life of comics, or "Proboscis Publico" as they say

AGE FOR LOVE, THE
Good
(United Artists)
Billie Dove comes back—and better than ever. The picture raises the ever vital question: Should a woman seek love and a home or love and a career? The heroine, who has fought for freedom of womankind, marries a chap who wants a home and babies. Who wins? Lois Wilson and Edward Everett Horton are in the cast.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON
Excellent
(Warners)
George Arliss again gives one of his superb performances. He plays the rôle of Alexander Hamilton, the great American statesman of the nineteenth century. Hounded by jealous politicians, Hamilton goes noble to protect his country. It's even more thrilling than "Disraeli". Doris Kenyon, June Collyer and Dudley Diggs are in the cast.

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY
Splendid
(Paramount)
This is a gripping, unusual picture that will thrill you with its sincere direction and superb acting. It's the story of a sex-starved boy who murders a factory girl to keep from marrying her. Tragic and depressing, but not sordid. Sylvia Sidney and Phillips Holmes are splendid.

BAD GIRL
Splendid
(Fox)
Here's something new in masculine appeal, girls! Talking about James Dunn, the bad-boy-husband of "Bad Girl". You'll be cur-razy about him—and the picture too! It's the film version of Vina Delmar's best seller of the same name, and it's all about a young couple who are trying to make a go of marriage. Underneath all the smart remarks you will find a lot to think about. Sally Eilers makes a good "Bad Girl".

BLONDE CRAZY
Splendid
(Warners)
Here's grand entertainment. James Cagney plays a small town bell-hop with ambitions for big town shake-

down. He picks a girl and they spend a successful season of gyping. But the girl gets refined and marries a society youth and Cagney loses interest in his racket. There's a surprise ending that's a knock-out. Joan Blondell is the girl.

BOUGHT
Splendid
(Warners)
Connie Bennett is still a sophisticated sinner, and if you are a Connie Bennett fan you will be wild about this picture. Connie again plays the rôle of a young girl who wants nice things—and all that. Ben Lyon and Raymond Milland help her get them.

steel kings engage Jetta Goudal to vamp him. Rogers gets all mixed up with Arab chiefs and things, but it isn't very funny.

CONSOLATION MARRIAGE
Good
(Radio)
In this film Irene Dunn plays the rôle of a young girl who gives her sweetheart to a wealthy woman so that he can pursue his concert career. Broken-hearted, she meets a romantic, hard-drinking newspaper man who has just been given the air by the girl of his dreams. Snapping their fingers at Fate they get married on the spur of the moment. What happens? Plenty. Pat O'Brien is grand as the news hound.

DANGEROUS AFFAIR, THE
Fair
(Columbia)
Another one of those clutching hand, mysterious, will-must-be-read-by-midnight affairs. Ralph Graves plays a newspaper man and Jack Holt a police lieutenant, both deadly rivals for the favors of the lovely Sally Blane. If you aren't too sophisticated you'll have shivers when you see it.

DEVOTION
Good
(RKO-Pathé)
A rather trite story becomes a simply charming picture through the graceful acting of Ann Harding and Leslie Howard. Two of the best actors on the screen, and I wouldn't kid you. It's the old thread-bare plot of the girl who goes to work in disguise for the man she loves. Of course, she's discovered—with the usual results. It's silly, but at the same time quite delightful.

EAST OF BORNEO
Good
(Universal)
This isn't another "Trader Horn" but it is very near it for excitement. A young girl is seeking her husband who is now a reigning prince's physician in Borneo. Plenty of wild animal thrills and blood-curdling escapades. Charles Bickford and Rose Hobart give good performances.

[Continued on page 68]

PICTURES-OF-THE-MONTH THAT WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN

"SUSAN LENOX"

because of the great performances of both Greta Garbo and Clark Gable

"MONKEY BUSINESS"

because once for all humor is proven to be absurdity taken seriously

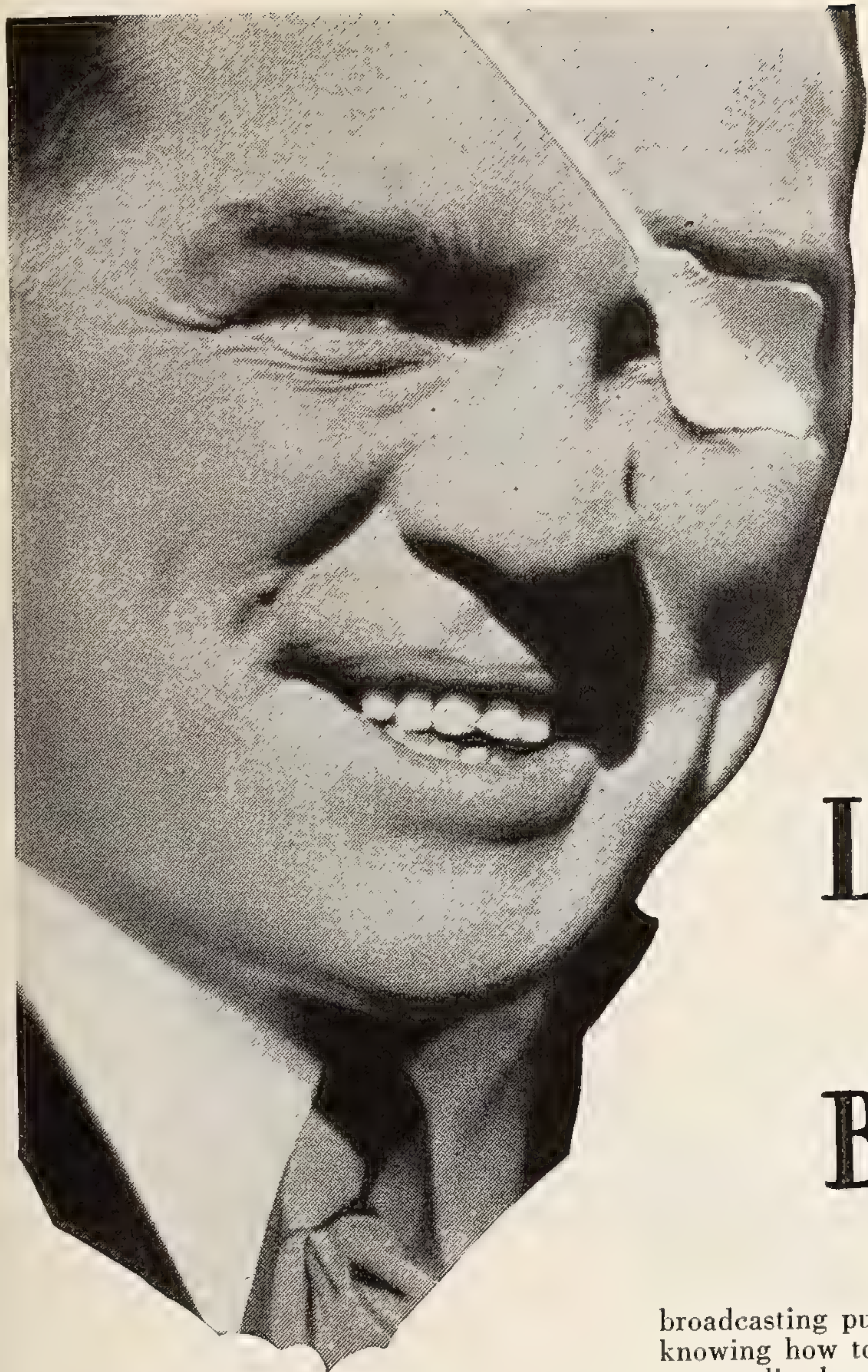
"THE SIN OF MADELON CLAUDET"

because Helen Hayes can make sacrifice to an ideal still seem beautiful

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE

Fair
(Fox)

This was originally Booth Tarkington's "The Plutocrat" but the author would never recognize it now. Will Rogers plays a sap safety razor king from the Middle West bound for Europe with his family. Rival



HELLO, EVERYBODY

If you possess natural talent, you can be trained to enter Broadcasting as an:

Announcer	Program Manager	Musician
Singer	Sales Manager	Reader
Actor	Advertising	Writer
Musical Director	Publicity	Director

or any other field of Broadcasting

Excellent positions in Broadcasting are open to talented men and women after they have mastered the technique of radio presentation. Read below how you can prepare yourself for a big paying job in Broadcasting.

Let FLOYD GIBBONS train *you* for a Broadcasting career

Have *you* an idea for a Radio program? Can *you* describe things? Have *you* a Radio voice? Are *you* musically inclined? Have *you* the ability to write humor, dramatic sketches, playlets, advertising? Can *you* sell? If you can do any of these things—*Broadcasting needs you!*

Last year alone, more than \$31,000,000 was expended for talent before the microphone to entertain and educate the American people. The estimated number of announcers, speakers, musicians, actors, etc., who perform yearly at the 600 or more American Broadcasting Stations is well over 300,000 persons.

The Fastest Growing Medium in the World

The biggest advertisers in the country recognize the business strength of Broadcasting. They rely on it more and more for publicity, promotion and sales work. They are seeking new ideas, new talent every day.

If you are good at thinking up ideas; if your voice shows promise for announcing or singing; if you can play an instrument; if you can sell or write; if you possess hidden talents that could be turned to profitable broadcasting purposes, you can qualify for a job inside or outside of the Studio. Let Floyd Gibbons show you how to capitalize your hidden talents!

No matter how much latent ability you possess—it is useless in Radio unless you know the technique of Broadcasting. Unless you know how to get a try-out. How to confront the microphone. How to lend color, personality, sincerity and clearness to your voice.

Merely the ability to sing is not sufficient. It must be coupled with the art of knowing how to get the most out of your voice for

broadcasting purposes. Merely the knack of knowing how to write will not bring success as a radio dramatist. You must be familiar with the limitations of the microphone, and know how to adapt your stories for effective radio presentation. It is not enough to have a good voice, to be able to describe things, to know how to sell. Broadcasting presents very definite problems, and any talent, no matter how great, must be adapted to fit the special requirements for successful broadcasting.

The Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting shows you how to solve every radio problem from the standpoint of the broadcaster. Floyd Gibbons, one of America's foremost broadcasters, has developed a unique method for training men and women at home for this fascinating work. This home-study course offers you a complete training in every phase of actual broadcasting. Now you can profit by Floyd Gibbons' years of experience in Radio. You can develop your talents right at home in your spare time under his guidance, and acquire the technique that makes Radio stars. Out of obscure places are coming the future Amos and Andys, Graham MacNamees, Rudy Vallees, Olive Palmers and Floyd Gibbons whose yearly earnings will be enormous.

Unlimited Opportunities for Men and Women

Men are needed to do special broadcasting of all kinds; Descriptive broadcasting of political events, banquets, football games, boxing, wrestling, baseball and hundreds of other occasions of a similar nature.

Women, too, have found Broadcasting a profitable new field of endeavor. Broadcasting Stations are always interested in a woman who can present a well prepared program devoted to domestic sci-

ence, interior decorating, etiquette, child welfare, styles, beauty and home making.

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A few of the subjects covered are: Microphone Technique, How to Control the Voice and Make it Expressive, How to Train a Singing Voice for Broadcasting, the Knack of Describing, How to Write Radio Plays, Radio Dialogue, Dramatic Broadcasts, Making the Audience Laugh, How to Arrange Daily Programs, Money Making Opportunities Inside and Outside the Studio, and dozens of other subjects.

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Without obligation send me your free booklet, "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting," and full particulars of your home study course.

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

ASK ME ANOTHER

By
SALLY FORTH

THE chatterer of Hollywood, Sally FORTH, will be glad to answer your questions about movies or stars or both. The fewer your questions and the shorter the answers required, the quicker she can answer you. But she's scolded if she answers questions about religion and she can't give home addresses or advise anyone how to break into the movies. Write Sally at SILVER SCREEN, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, giving your full name and address. For personal replies enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

VIOLET AND C. M. S.: Now don't you gals get sassy with me just because you have read in other magazines that Joan Crawford's real name is everything from Cleopatra to the Four Marx Brothers. I honestly told you the truth in the November SILVER SCREEN when I said that Joan was born plain Billie Cassin, and I wouldn't fool you, even if I could. The Cassins were living in San Antonio, Texas, when the stork brought little Billie, but they soon moved to Lawton, Oklahoma, where Billie lived until she was eight. She changed her name to Lucille Le Sueur when she became a hey-hey girl on Broadway and Charlestone'd her way to the front row of the revue chorus. She was still Lucille when she arrived in Hollywood on contract, but for some reason or other she changed her name again—and this time to Joan Crawford. Now, children, don't ever let me hear of you getting confused in this real name business again—or Miss Sally will have to keep you in after school and make you write "Billie Cassin" a hundred times on the blackboard.

BABE: Ralph Bellamy was the *Johnny Franks* of "The Secret Six". About a dozen or so other fans wrote in and asked me the same question, so the lad must have made an impression. Clark Gable is working hard now on "Possessed" which is bound to be a glorious picture—what with Joan and Clark and a chap named Wallace Ford. Look out for Wallace. And after "Possessed" comes "Hell Divers" with Clark and Wallace Beery being very, very male, and little Dorothy Jordan being quite, quite feminine. Do you like Clark best when he supports Norma, or Joan, or Garbo? I can't decide. "Possessed" was formerly "Mirage".

ALLISON: Bela Lugosi was born in Hungary in a small town called Lugos which was named after one of his ancestors who founded it in the medieval days. Bela is an American citizen now, having passed his citizenship examinations a few months ago. He likes jolly old Uncle Sam whose children have caused so many nice shiny ducats to fall into his pockets, and if it's horror that they want he means to give it to them. So get all your shudders and chills in working order for in "The Murders in the Rue Morgue", which will be released soon, he is even more horrible and spooky than he was in "Dracula". The attractive gentleman who is Lord Privy of the Goose Flesh has been married—and divorced—three times.

PATRICIA: Alas, Kent Douglass is no more. Tears and gulps. That charming and erratic lad simply felt the urge to return to the legitimate stage, and return he did, though most of the companies in Hollywood tried to make him

sign on the dotted line. I thought he was marvelous in "Waterloo Bridge" and I hated to see him leave pictures right at the height of his popularity. And judging from the letters that pile into the office about him he is mighty popular with you fans. I met him at a tea last week and he told me then that after the Broadway run of his play he might return to Hollywood, and then again he might not. He likes acting on the stage much better than on the screen. At present he is playing in "Nikki" with Fay Wray—and of course he has resumed his real name, Douglass Montgomery. He had to change his name when he went into pictures because Bob Montgomery got there first. They are not brothers.

VIOLET M.: Don't get excited—that wasn't Norma Shearer. Norma would never have acted like that, you may be sure. Besides, on the date you mentioned Norma was in Hollywood, and not in Woodstock, New York. Evidently somebody was having a grand time impersonating Norma—too bad it was such a vulgar somebody for Norma deserves better. There really should be a law against impersonat-



Robert Williams and Jean Harlow in "Platinum Blonde". Jean probably wants his tie to make herself a dress

ing the stars, and maybe there is, but it isn't enforced for there have been a regular deluge of impersonations this past summer and fall. Despite the fact that George Arliss has just arrived in New York from England, his presence was reported several weeks ago from various cities in Texas, where it seems that he has been wine'd and dine'd by leading citizens. Naturally, Warner Brothers immediately sent out warnings to Arliss admirers in the Southwest as soon as they heard about the deception and I bet the bogus Arliss won't appear around there again any time soon. Hope he didn't swipe any silverware at the banquets.

A platinum blonde in Rye, New York, last summer announced that she was Jean Harlow and even rented a house under that name. Of course, the local swains got terribly excited and the impersonating miss had things going her own way for awhile.

And even ritzy and sophisticated Greenwich, Connecticut, got all a-flutter recently when a bogus Dolores Del Rio arrived in town and was entertained by the Best People. There ought to be a law. . . .

SALLY: I have a yen for Irving Pichel, too, and I assure you that you wouldn't be the least bit disappointed in him if you met him personally. He has just completed "The Cheat" out at the Paramount Long Island studio, and he's simply grand in it. I was on the set several times and saw him and Tallulah Bankhead go through some of the scenes which fairly reek with drama and suspense. Of course, Irving isn't a Clark Gable—but he isn't far away. He was born in Pittsburgh and his birthday is June 24.

MRS. DENNIS: Joan Crawford claims that she doesn't diet at all now, she merely eats sparingly. For breakfast she has a tall glass of hot water and a cup of coffee with plenty of sugar and cream. Her lunch consists of a fresh fruit or vegetable salad. In the evening she eats a full course dinner, excepting, always, potatoes, bread and rich desserts. And don't be alarmed over what Joan eats at teas, for the poor girl doesn't get to many of them. She is kept so frightfully busy. Joan is a "woiking gal"—not a debutante.

BILL: Marlene Dietrich is making "Shanghai Express" out at the Paramount West Coast studio, and it sounds to me as if it might be even better than "Morocco". The action takes place in China, where, it seems, some naughty dogs of Christians have killed the son of one of the local rulers. Here the plot goes Fu Manchu-ish for the local potentate in revenge demands the death of a white person within twenty-four hours. Things look black for Marlene . . . Well, it's a good situation, isn't it? One guess as to who plays the Chinese What-not? Warner Oland, of course.

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A MOVIE-FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

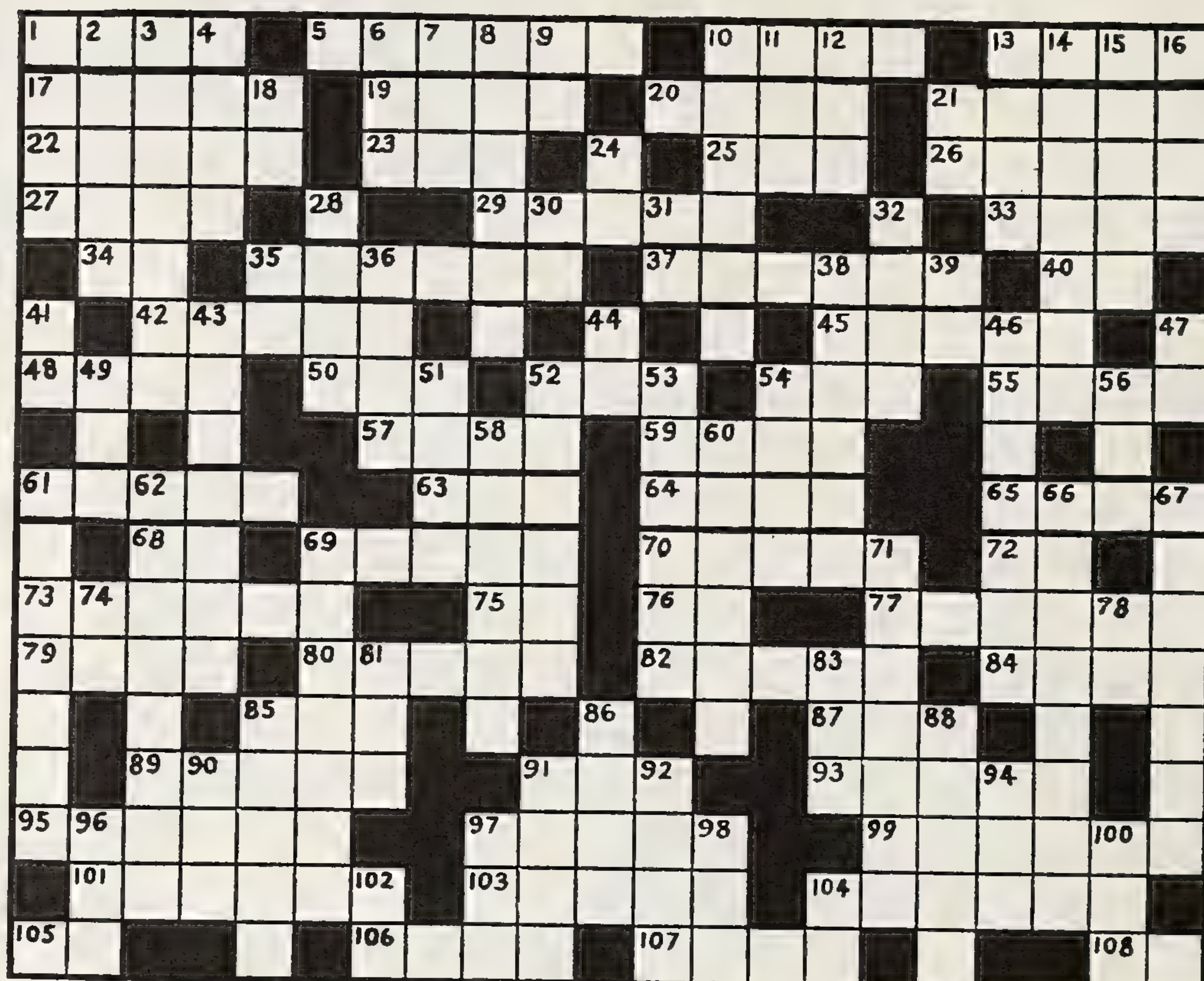
By Priscilla Bryant



Standing



In Right



Prone



Upright

ACROSS

- 1 The highest degree
- 5 Something wished for (plural)
- 10 Enthusiastic devotees of any sport
- 13 Preposition
- 17 Married since July 22, 1931
- 19 Wrote "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"
- 20 A group of three
- 21 Known as "The Mystery Woman"
- 22 Stigmatize
- 23 She has insured her shoulders for \$20,000
- 25 The star of "Devotion"
- 26 Natives of a university city in Thuringia
- 27 An incalculable period of time
- 29 Cast in "Transatlantic"
- 33 To gain or merit
- 34 An actor in "Always Good-bye" (initials)
- 35 Used in coinage, jewelry, plate, etc.
- 37 Where we see our favorite stars
- 40 An actress who made her debut in "Sob Sister" (initials)
- 42 Where Lawrence Tibbett came from
- 45 Gave doses to
- 48 She is sorry she can't be kissed on the screen
- 50 To obtain with difficulty
- 52 A real one in "Trader Horn"
- 54 Confess
- 55 Lew Ayres' bride
- 57 The Irish Gaelic
- 59 Capital of the (British) Gold Coast Colony since 1875
- 61 Fortunate and cheerful
- 63 Another
- 64 1932
- 65 Too
- 68 The god of the midday sun
- 69 A sign in music
- 70 Famous when there was a vogue for vamps
- 72 Nickel (abbr.)
- 73 Prefix meaning past or beyond
- 75 Senior (abbr.)
- 76 Old Testament (abbr.)
- 77 Hypothetical soul-stuff, the od of psychical life
- 79 What Billie Dove nicknames Roland McKensie, the golfer
- 80 To follow as a consequence
- 82 One of various trees, as a California white oak
- 84 A galvanometer
- 85 The salutation to the Virgin
- 87 A girl's name
- 89 A pastoral poem
- 91 A boy's name
- 93 First month of the Jewish calendar
- 95 He wrote the music to "One Hour With You"
- 97 He gave a sterling performance in "Bad Girl"
- 99 Agree
- 101 What many of the stars have put their money into
- 103 A Little Irish girl in "The Brat"
- 104 Unlike the other natives of Otranto, Italy
- 105 Near
- 106 Nautical term for "at or to the left side"
- 107 He has a daughter born Sept. 10, 1931
- 108 A comedian on the Fox lot

DOWN

- 1 She is expert at acrobatics
- 2 He has famous legs
- 3 She loves the name "Michael"
- 4 Foodstuffs are preserved in them
- 6 Not well
- 7 Self (French)
- 8 He is to do "Wayward" with Nancy Carroll next
- 9 Used to form many plurals
- 10 Where Chevalier hails from
- 11 A river in France
- 12 The Latin negative adverb adopted as an English prefix
- 13 To release
- 14 He was good in "Trader Horn"
- 15 A seaport city on the west coast of Hokushu, Japan
- 16 Important
- 18 A state (abbr.)
- 21 A stage and screen comedian (initials)
- 24 He was disappointing in "Business and Pleasure" (initials)
- 28 An ancestor
- 30 Adverb, preposition and conjunction
- 31 While or since
- 32 Fine in "Penrod and Sam"
- 35 Points of the compass
- 36 An inland body of water
- 38 Very good in "Smart Money"
- 39 Canadian province (initials)
- 41 What Mrs. Ben Lyon is now
- 43 To feel or feel after
- 44 Toward
- 46 Known as "The Kodak Girl" in pre-movie days
- 47 A southern state (abbr.)
- 49 An organization which produces travel pictures, etc. (abbr.)
- 51 An eagle
- 52 Exercise prudence
- 53 Her next picture is "Delicious"
- 54 What the talkies are
- 56 What Mr. Howard's friends call him
- 58 Appearing in "Daughter of the Dragon"
- 60 Insured for a million
- 61 Featured with Charles Rogers in "Jazz King"
- 62 Where the stars get a big ovation
- 66 She named her son "Richard Barthelmess Holtrie"
- 67 A nymph of Mount Ida
- 69 She's in "The Sin of Madelon Glaudet"
- 71 An inhabitant of ancient Iberia
- 74 The second note of any major scale
- 78 Electrical Engineer (abbr.)
- 81 Negative (abbr.)
- 83 He impersonated "The Frog" in the silent version of "Miracle Man"
- 85 The bastard wing of a bird
- 86 What screen stars have
- 88 A style of neck-tie
- 90 To push; drive (Scot.)
- 91 He teams in comedies with George K. Arthur
- 92 He is above petty animosities
- 94 What Richard Dix can do
- 96 Endeavor
- 97 His little daughter can make his smile even bigger
- 98 Tricky
- 100 She was a pretty Sondra in "The American Tragedy"
- 102 The way Garbo says "yes"
- 104 Prefix expressing negation

(The answer to last month's puzzle is on page 69. The answer to this month's puzzle will appear next month.)

New ~~Ventilated~~ girdle reduces waist and hips ~two to four inches in *TEN DAYS*



FASHIONABLE women everywhere are praising to the skies the marvelous new Perfolastic Girdle that reduces fleshy hips and waist almost as if by magic and quickly gives you the slim, youthful figure you desire.

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ter still, with every breath you draw, with every step you take, Perfolastic exerts a continuous, gentle massage that *takes off flesh*.

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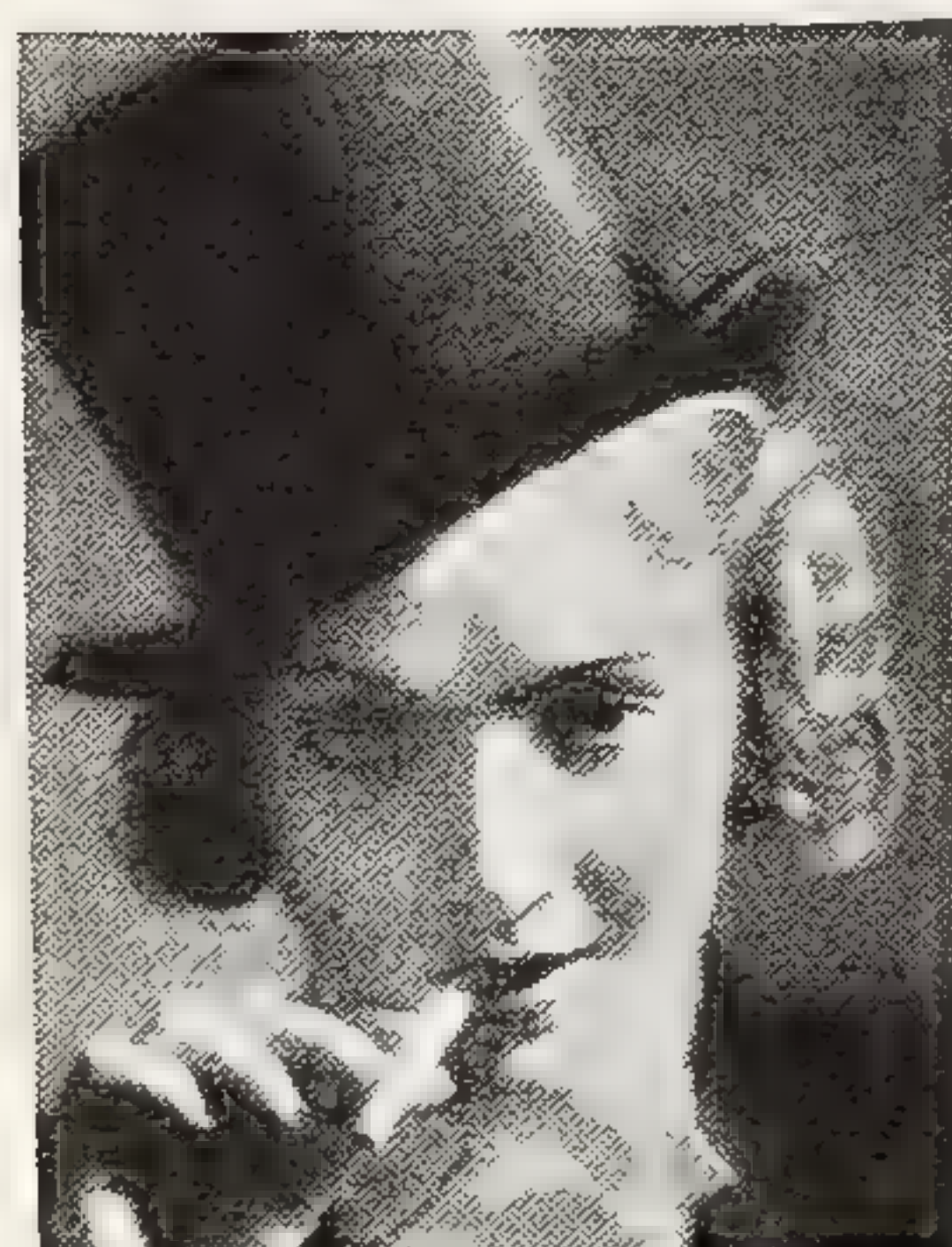
State.....

Good Old 1931

In Hollywood the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences each year selects the five best performances of actors and actresses, and from these nominations the winner of the trophy is selected

THE FIVE ACTRESSES NOMINATED

Norma Shearer
in "A Free Soul"



Marlene Dietrich
in "Morocco"



Marie Dressler
in "Min and Bill"



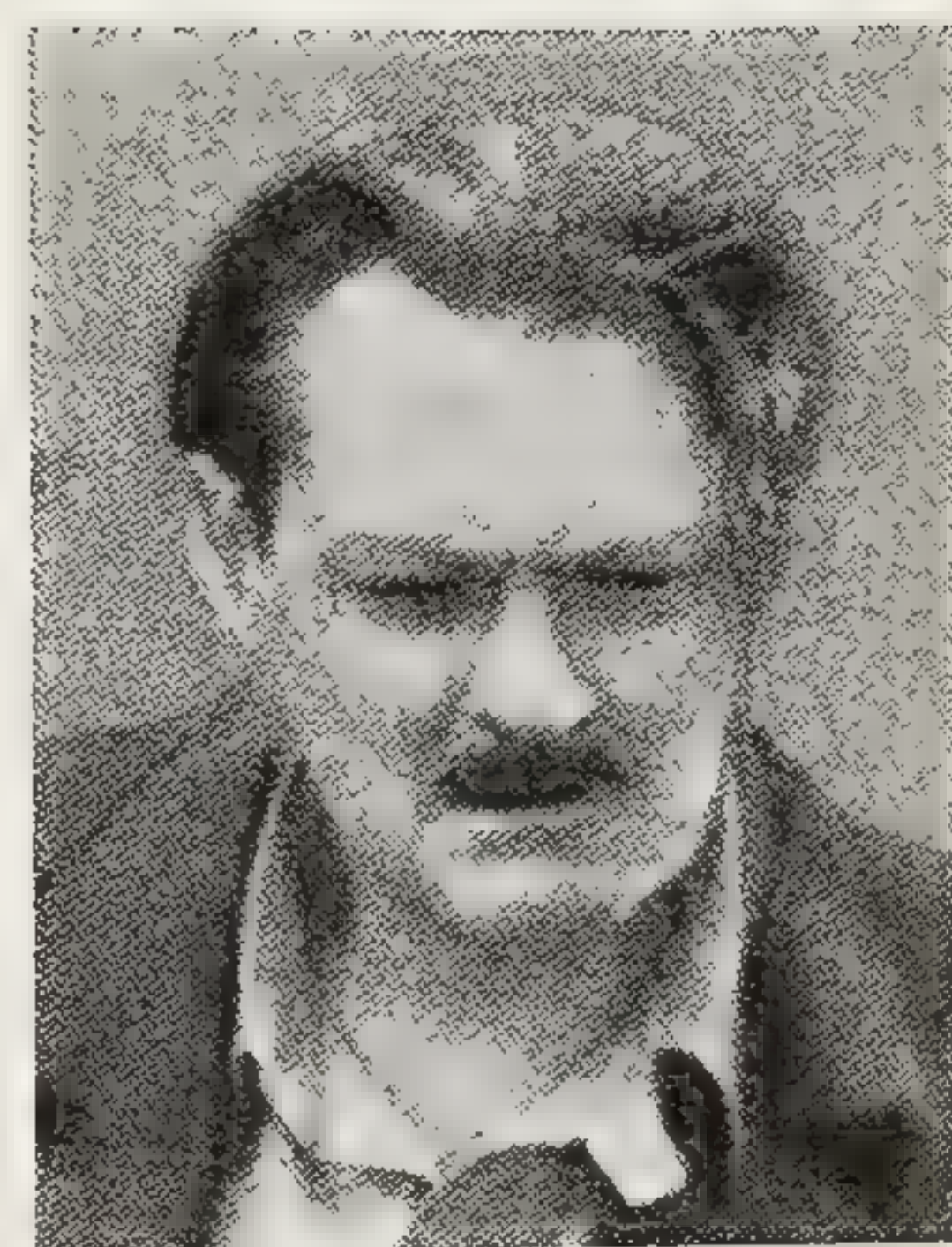
Ann Harding
in "Holiday"



Irene Dunne
in "Cimarron"

THE FIVE ACTORS NOMINATED

Adolphe Menjou
in "The Front Page"



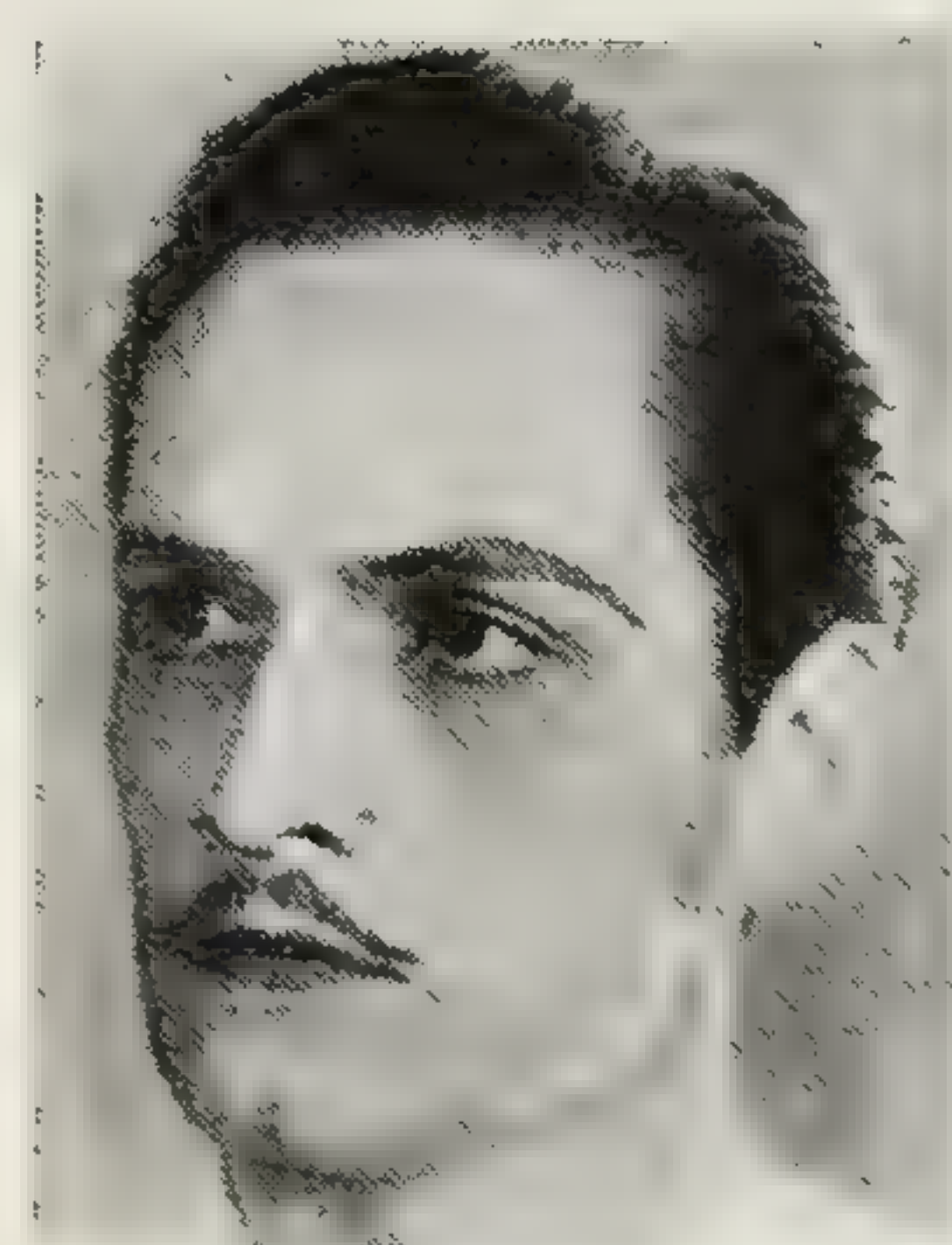
Lionel Barrymore
in "A Free Soul"



Richard Dix
in "Cimarron"



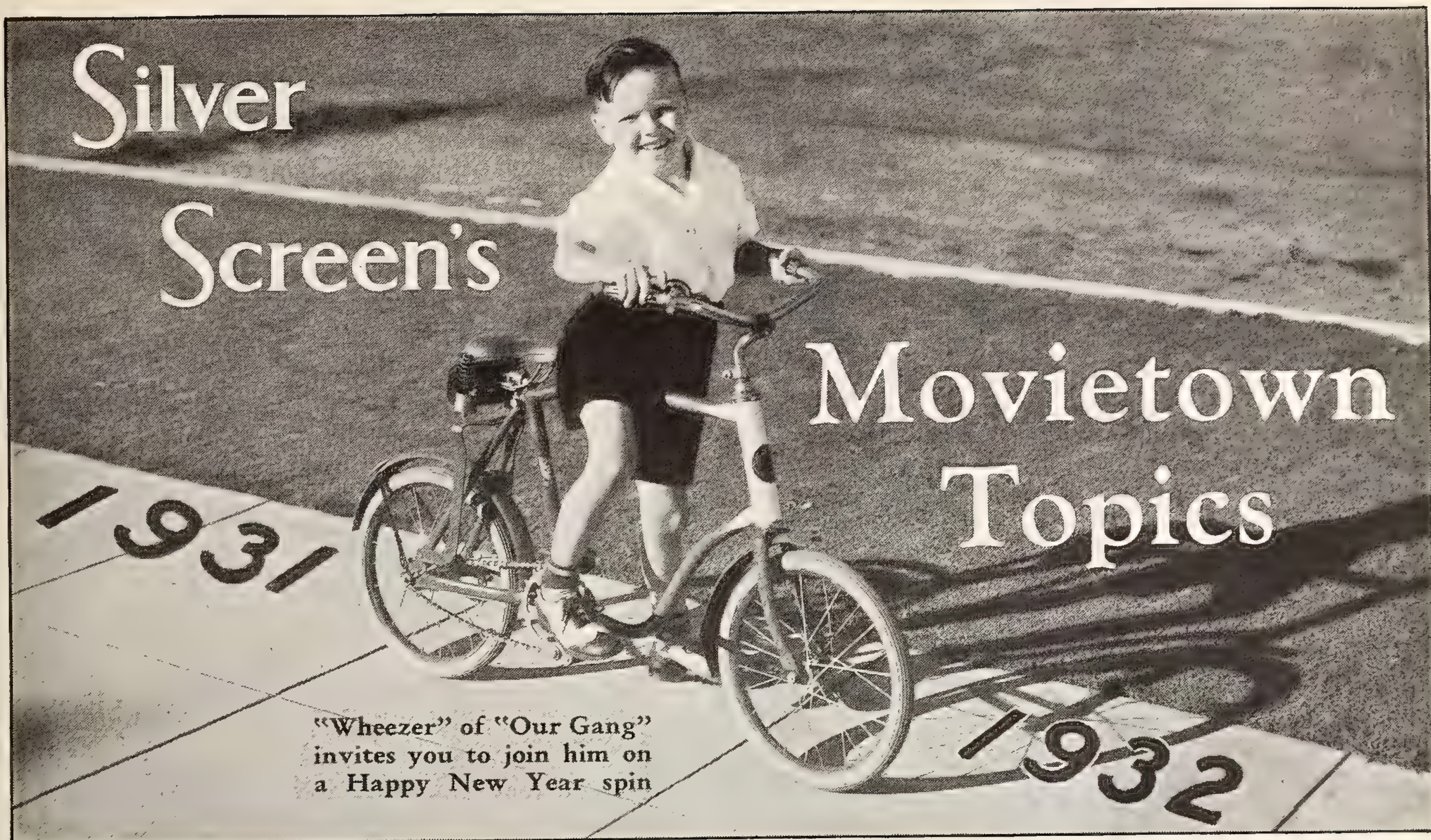
Jackie Cooper
in "Skippy"



Fredric March in
"The Royal Family"

The great box office successes of the year (so far) were "Daddy Long Legs," "Skippy," "Monkey Business," "Susan Lenox," "Cimarron," and "Politics." The pictures that started "trends" were "The Front Page," the first of the newspaper pictures, "Skippy," the first of the kid pictures, and "Monkey Business," which has put comedy back into circulation. "The Smiling Lieutenant" brought music back.

THE ONE GREAT-OUTSTANDING-THOROUGHLY-EARNED
SUCCESS WAS CLARK GABLE



Silver

Screen's

Movietown
Topics

"Wheezer" of "Our Gang"
invites you to join him on
a Happy New Year spin

AT THE Casino in Central Park recently Lupe Velez was the center of a merry group when Gary Cooper and the Countess Frasso entered. Lupe grew mellow. And when Morton Downey (Connie's brother-in-law) asked what songs the crowd wanted, Lupe piped up with "Just One More Chance". Gary and the Countess chose the nearest exit.

CLARK GABLE says he may have sex appeal and all that, but it took Hollywood movie moguls four years to find it. On top of that he asks, has he?

LIL TASHMAN was having a grand time on ye olde Paris boulevards with husband Eddie Lowe when she received a cable to take the next boat back to New York and begin rehearsals for "Her Confession", which will be made at the Paramount Long Island studio. This is the first picture that Lil has made in the East, but she'll know her way around New York all right. Lil used to be one of Mr. Ziegfeld's Glorified Ones. And before that she was just a nice kid in Brooklyn. Claudette Colbert will be the chief confessor in "Her Confession" and will be supported by William (Stage) Boyd.

HELEN HAYES' baby, the famous "Act of God" child, has already made her screen debut and didn't seem to mind at all when she didn't receive screen credit. In fact, she preferred a lolly-pop. Too bad the other little girls aren't so easily satisfied, eh, Mr. Mayer? Little Mary was the baby that Mama Helen gurgled over and wept over in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet". A natural for the baby.

LORETTA YOUNG is in New York buying clothes, sight-seeing, and taking in the new plays. Her mother is along to see that daughter Loretta makes no Grave Mistakes.

CLARA BOW got sort of tired of looking at cows and more cows out on Rex Bell's ranch the other

day (Clara has been in hiding there ever since Daisy turned literary agent—remember Daisy De Voe who so assiduously collected old love letters?) and decided to give her eyes a treat with the bright lights of Broadway. She even wired Harry Richman to reserve her a front row seat at the "Follies". As thrilled as a little country gal on her way to the big wicked city Clara slipped aboard a train. But those old meanies, the newshounds, boarded the train at Gallup, New Mexico, and poor Clara discovered that she was still good for front page publicity. So she just turned around and went back to the ranch and Rex Bell and the cows. Rumors are that Clara is none too fond of boy friend Rex now. Maybe that stretch on the Bell ranch was just a little too long for a girl of Clara's disposition.

Sam Rork, an independent, expects to star Clara in "Get the Woman" and is ready to start production.

CONNIE BENNETT and the Marquis have officially set their wedding date for December 2. The ceremony will take place in Arizona. Gloria Swanson received her final degree of divorce from the Marquis in November. Heigh ho, it seems only yesterday that Gloria brought the Marquis to Hollywood and exhibited him and the cute little trick he can do with an apple to her admiring friends.

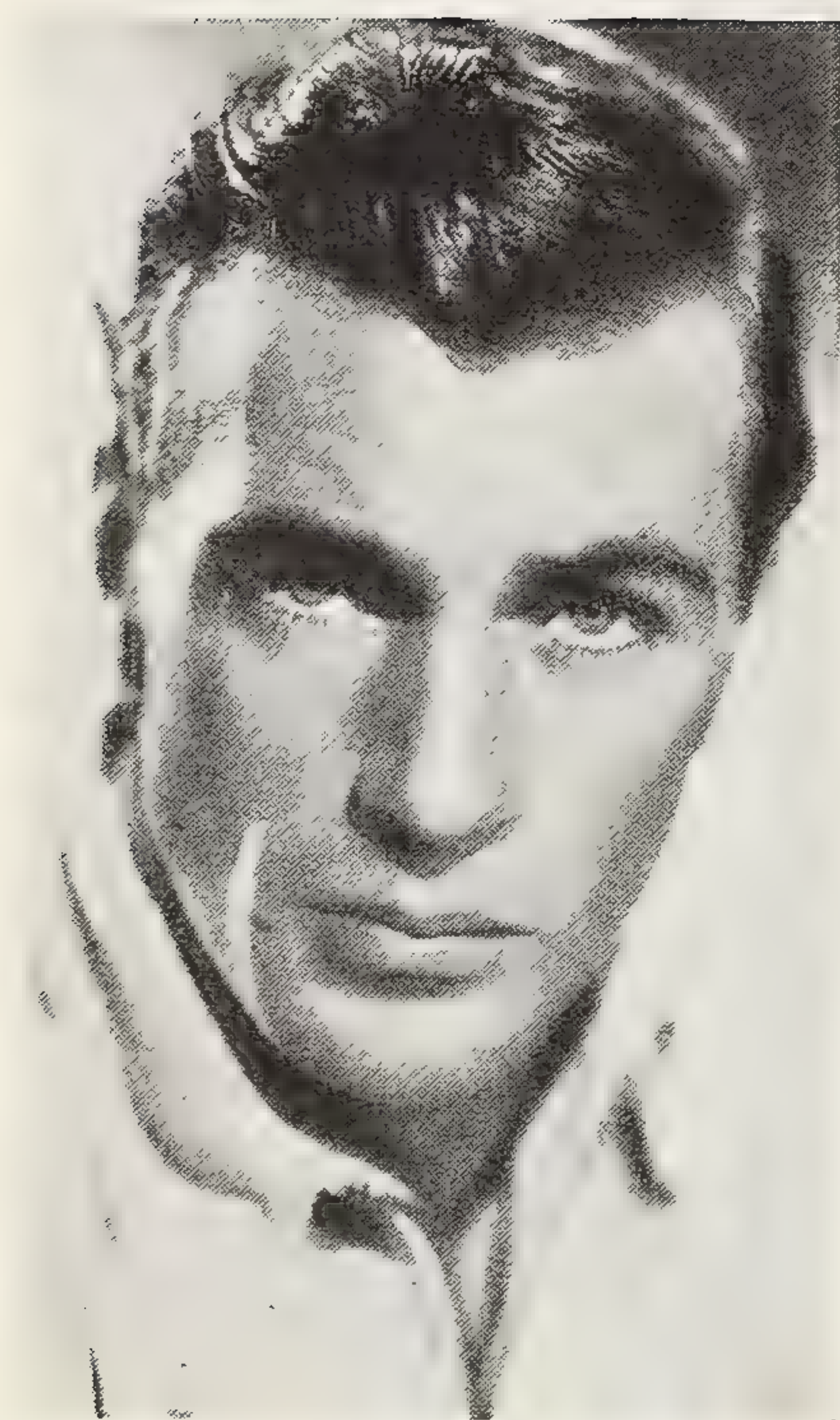
'TIS said that the romance of Dorothy Jordan and Don Dilloway is fading. Dorothy has been seen going places with Howard Hughes and Don has been escorting Barbara Weeks to the same places.

WHAT'S happening to all the dyed-in-the-wool bachelors of cinemaland? They are falling as fast as autumn leaves. Soon Leap Year will be here and no bachelors to leap for and all the fun will be spoiled. Richard Dix is the last of the gay lotharios to take a bride. He married Winifred Coe, San Francisco society girl, at Yuma, Arizona, on October 20. Richard gave his name as Ernest Carlton Brimmer and his age as thirty-seven.

[More Movietone Topics on page 48]

Gary Cooper DISCOVERS

The Star of "His Woman" Gets a Kick out of Father Knickerbocker



Gary Cooper stepped ashore from his vacation in Europe so they made a picture of him in New York City

IT WAS tea time in the West Fifties. Yes, yes, jolly old tea time. And Gary Cooper was looking angry. Three sassy wrinkles scored his forehead, and his eyes glared in sort of a frustrated fury. His fingers grasped the side of the table so tightly that his knuckles stood out in white relief.

What in the world, thought I, could be worrying Mrs. Cooper's little six foot boy (and don't forget the two and one half inches)? Was it a wire from Boss Lasky ordering him to return to the Hollywood factory? Was it a snooty call from his margin clerk? Was it Lupe—Oh, dared I hope that it might be Lupe?

His nostrils twitched and his frown became even more menacing. I was sorry I had come.

"Huh," he said at last, "I simply can't remember."

"Remember what?" I gasped, almost afraid to know—but hoping it might be Lupe—

"How to say four-thirty in French. You asked me the time, you know."

So I had—some fifteen minutes ago. Evidently French is not a language that one can speak easy.

"*Garcon*," the Cooper voice boomed across the room so suddenly that a lady in fitch gills choked on a maraschino cherry. "*Garcon, qu'est-ce c'est—er—how do you say four-thirty in French?*"

"*Quatre-heures et demi, M'sieur*," quoth Henri with a decided accent.

"*Quatre-heures et demi*," repeated Gary with no accent. A broad grin spread over his handsome face. You know well that winning grin! You've adored it and warmed to it for five years on the screen, and I can assure you it is no less delightful at tea.

"*Quatre-heures et demi*," he said again in boyish satisfaction. "That's a good thing to know. Though, of course," he added a bit ruefully, "I may go through life without anyone ever again asking me the time at four-thirty."

The thought seemed to depress him. We ordered another round of tea.

And there you have the new Gary Cooper. Can you imagine that long, tall, shy, tongue-tied boy from the great open spaces speaking to the waiter in French? Aren't you surprised? (And wasn't the waiter surprised—why you could have knocked him down with a dollar, probably fifty cents.) No more sombreros, chaps, lariats; no more "Virginian", West Virginian, north, east, south Virginian—it's Young Man of Manhattan for Gary Cooper now.

What a thrill Gary got out of New York! Oh boy, what fun! Gary claims that he enjoyed making "His Woman" at the Paramount Long Island studio more than any



The new team—Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert. Claudette is Sal of Singapore and Gary likes her

MANHATTAN ISLAND

By Elizabeth
Wilson



picture he has ever made—and from now on he wants to make all his pictures on the East Coast. Hitherto, New York to Gary had only been sort of a mythical place where critics lived and where one caught a boat to go to Europe. He had never visited New York. In fact he was just a little afraid of New York. The traffic—great grief, he'd never be able to drive a car in that traffic. And the people, millions of them, who in their avid desire to touch a movie actor would probably tear him limb from limb. And the men who went places and did things all wore spats, and derbies, and white carnations in their lapels, and carried canes—and spoke to the waiters in French. No, he couldn't do that—

But he did. And what a kick he got out of it all. In the first place, he found New York running true to its *laissez faire* policy, and except when he showed himself at opening nights at the theatre the populace left him severely alone. New York, unlike Hollywood, is famous for its aloof attitude—it's the one city where people can live within three feet of each other for years and never know what the other looks like. And after being stared at like a goldfish in a bowl for a number of years Gary found it lots of fun to get in the big pond with all the other fish and splash around with them without any old catfish making comments.

In fact it's interesting to know that when Gary was introduced to New York night life (by Forney Wyly, man-

A baby is a hard problem and Gary has to sit up nights and study the bottle situation

about-town) he was introduced in the spirit of good, clean fun as "Massa" Cooper—and would you believe it, the Henris, the Tonys, the Joes, the head waiters and the assorted

waiters all knew him as "Massa" Cooper from then on. And did Gary like it! Why he was as tickled as if King George had called him, "Gary, you-old-so-and-so."

We old New Yorkers who have lived here for at least five years take a great pride in our city and we simply burn up when visiting Hollywood royalty gives us the sniff and the sneer. I have lunched and teaed with many public idols from the Gold Coast who were so bored and blasé that even Jimmy Durante himself couldn't bring a smile to the frozen faces. They reminded me of Louis XV (or maybe it was XVI—but what's a louis among friends, or even a napoleon, for that matter) who at the great spectacular fêtes of Versailles, merely yawned and said, "What would life be without coffee. And even with coffee, what is life?"

But there's none of that "what dreary people" pose about Gary Cooper. He likes to sit in the corner of a restaurant where celebrities drop in, and look at them, and meet them, and get the freshest gossip, and perhaps, himself, try a wise-crack or two. And he likes to wear a white carnation in his lapel, and have his tie and handkerchief match, and speak to the waiter in French.

Ah, there is no time like tea time in the West Fifties. That looks like Libby [Continued on page 77]

The LOVE of LEW and LOLA

Just a Boy, a Girl, and a
Problem That Lew Knew
the Answer to

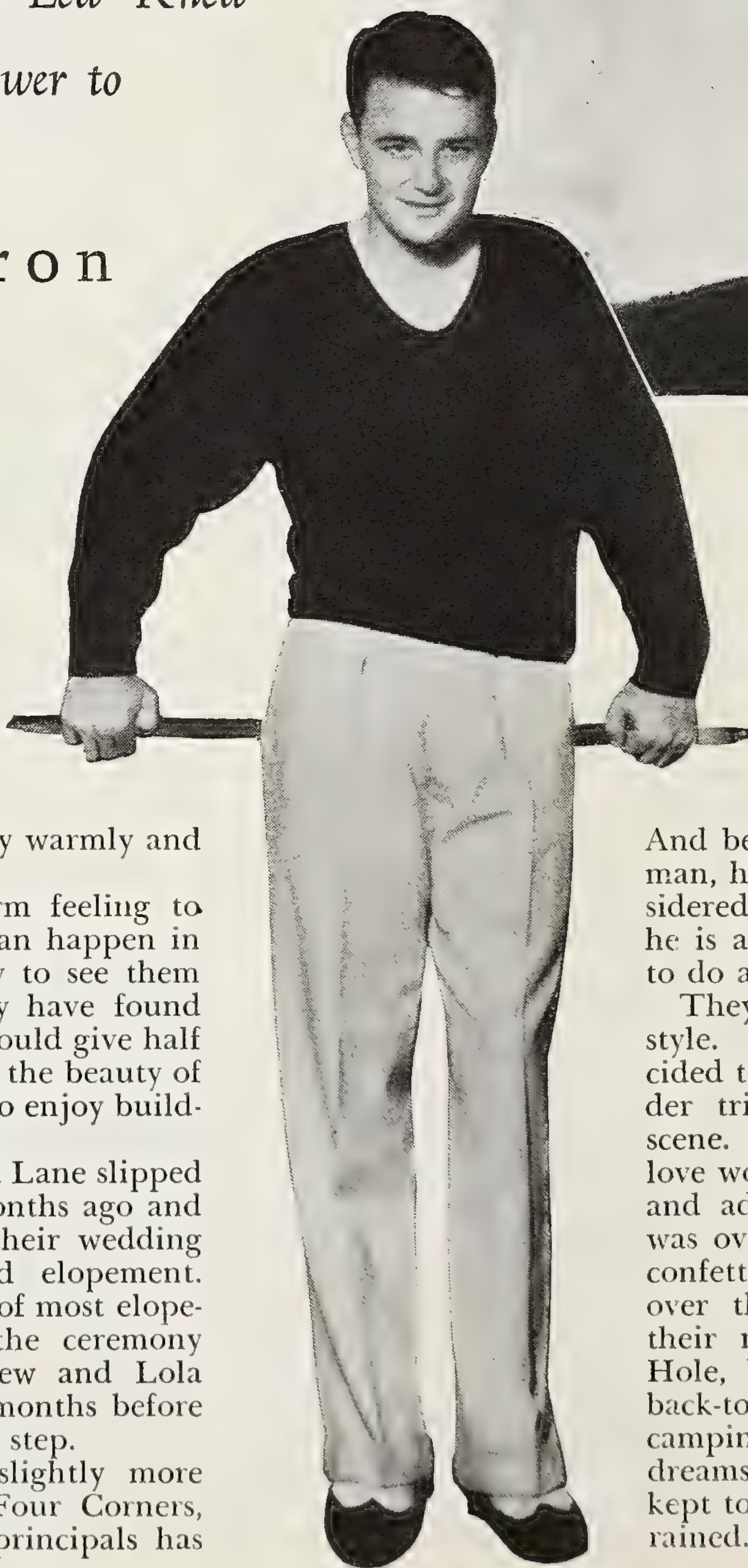
By
Mary Sharon

I HAVE just paid a call on a couple of kids who live in a little Spanish bungalow, perched on a hilltop overlooking the city. The house isn't much as houses go in Beverly Hills, but to the kids who live therein, it is "Heaven on Earth". And from the little bachelor hall that has so suddenly been transformed into a love nest, I came away warmly and pleasantly thrilled.

It gives one a nice, warm feeling to know that love like theirs can happen in Hollywood. You have only to see them together to know that they have found something that a lot of us would give half of our lives to possess. And the beauty of it is they are young enough to enjoy building together.

When Lew Ayres and Lola Lane slipped away to Las Vegas three months ago and were married, they found their wedding labeled another Hollywood elopement. But the haste that is a part of most elopements was missing from the ceremony that joined them. For Lew and Lola were secretly engaged five months before they finally took the fateful step.

Love in Hollywood is slightly more complicated than love in Four Corners, especially if either of the principals has



Mrs. Lew Ayres and the happy bridegroom. At the left, Lew who is not afraid of life

won any prominence in the colony. Because Lew had achieved stardom, a lot of friends and acquaintances were quick to advise him against marriage.

And because Lew is an ambitious young man, he considered their advice. He considered postponing marriage, but because he is a courageous young man, he dared to do as his heart dictated.

They were married in approved movie style. The judge, whom they had decided to have officiate, was deep in a murder trial when they arrived upon the scene. But murder trials can wait and love won't. So the judge ordered a recess and adjourned court until the wedding was over. There was the usual rice and confetti. A run to Lew's car, and shouts over their shoulders to reporters, that their next address would be Jackson's Hole, Wyoming. They had visioned a back-to-nature honeymoon. Primitive camping. Hunting and fishing. But their dreams didn't exactly materialize. Game kept to cover. Fires wouldn't burn. Rain rained. And the [Continued on page 76]

"Yo Ho! For a Six Months' Vacation!"

"Arrowsmith" is Finished and
Ronald Colman is off to Europe

By

James A. Whitchel

LADEES and gen'mums! We are presenting in this corner none other than Ronald Colman, known to his confidants and confidantes as Ronny, while over in the other corner sags that old lady with the bags underneath her pin points of eyes, she that is called Gossip.

And the old lady in Hollywood is like Gossip in no other place in the world.

"It all started," Ronny explains, "when some fool of a press agent pasted a label on me. The marker said: *Ronald Colman, the Man of Mystery!* And when the sobbies heard it they held joyful conclave like the witches of 'Macbeth' and threw their potions into the flames and stirred and stirred—bubble, bubble!"

But you *were* a retiring sort, Ronny.

"I was about as retiring as the Eiffel Tower."

But what about that incident on board ship when you hid?

"Yah!" yahed Mr. Colman. "It was all a plant, a trick in which I had no part. You see, on one of my trips abroad, one of my first returning ones to England, some brilliant press agent conceived the brilliant idea of following up this mystery man business with a little stunt for the benefit of the newspaper boys.

"I was traveling first class and when the boat docked I was on the first class deck waving to friends who were at the pier. Suddenly I was besieged by a representative who asked me to come back on the boat a bit to have my picture taken. I obliged, of course, but the fellow didn't seem to be satisfied with the light so he asked me and the photographers to step back a little further to another deck. This seemed all right too. We pushed on to the rear deck of the boat and there I was photographed by the press.

"Well, sir, the following day saw my likeness reproduced in the papers with a screaming caption to the effect that RONALD COLMAN, MAN OF MYSTERY, FOUND HIDING IN THIRD CLASS WHEN BOAT DOCKS!



Ronald Colman as "Dr. Arrowsmith",
the character created by Sinclair Lewis,
winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature

"So there you are."
So here we are. So what?
Plenty.

Because Ronny refused to be converted into a radio advertisement for which one of the sobbies was drawing down heavy shekels, the same sobby called him a snob—an English snob to differentiate him from our American snobs.

And added to this, one of the writers said that he wouldn't take dinner at people's houses because the guests were common.

The truth, and it will out, is that Colman is probably the most popular dinner guest in the colony. And the truth again is that he doesn't accept promiscuous invitations. There are stars in the film centre who go to openings of markets and turn the first spadeful of earth for the erection of a trick mausoleum just so their pictures will appear in the publicity saturated pages of the Los Angeles newspapers. But Colman declines the invitations and stays at home when he suspects a double motive. Don't you?

"Am I a secluded fellow?" Ronny wants to know. "Every morning I ride to work in my automobile and at the end of the day go home again. True, my car isn't a screaming crimson Rolls Royce that people can smell coming for blocks, nor do I rush down Hollywood Boulevard in a sixteen-cylinder roadster and have

people gush around me at the traffic lights, but I *do* go out on occasion.

"Frequently I use glasses to read and maybe that's why people think me a tradesman when they see me reading the morning paper as Tommy drives me to work.

"On one of my trips to New York I was wired in advance that photographers and reporters would meet me at the station in Chicago for interviews and pictures. Flattered, I looked for the gentlemen in Chicago, but, as I learned later, they met the wrong train at another station. But the stories, nevertheless, all concerned that mystery fellow—Colman." [Continued on page 66]

The GREETING CARDS



Red and Green, Gold and Silver are the Cards of the Screen Folks, and each Shining with Christmas Wishes

IT'S Christmas card time in Hollywood. The stars are preparing Christmas lists and choosing their greeting cards.

"It's too bad that we cannot send a card to all of our unseen friends—to those who have really given us everything we have—our fans, God bless them. Where would we be without them," said Ann Harding as she sat in her dressing room at Pathé studios looking over a book of sample cards and hoping to find one she felt would best convey her Yuletide feelings. "There's mine," she exclaimed, pouncing on a modernistic tree design, "Christmas and snow-covered trees go together in my mind."

Although she didn't know it at the time, it was this yearning to say "Merry Christmas" to her fans that prompted a representative of SILVER SCREEN magazine, who happened to hear Ann's wish, to make it come true.

A canvass disclosed that there were many who, like Ann Harding, wanted to send their unseen friends a real, hearty Christmas wish and so

many interesting selections were made expressly for this purpose.

Chryson's, the Cartier of Hollywood, found their Christmas card orders coming in post haste as the word went around that SILVER SCREEN had offered its pages to the stars to express seasonal greetings to the countless thousands who feel a close personal interest in these Hollywood personalities.

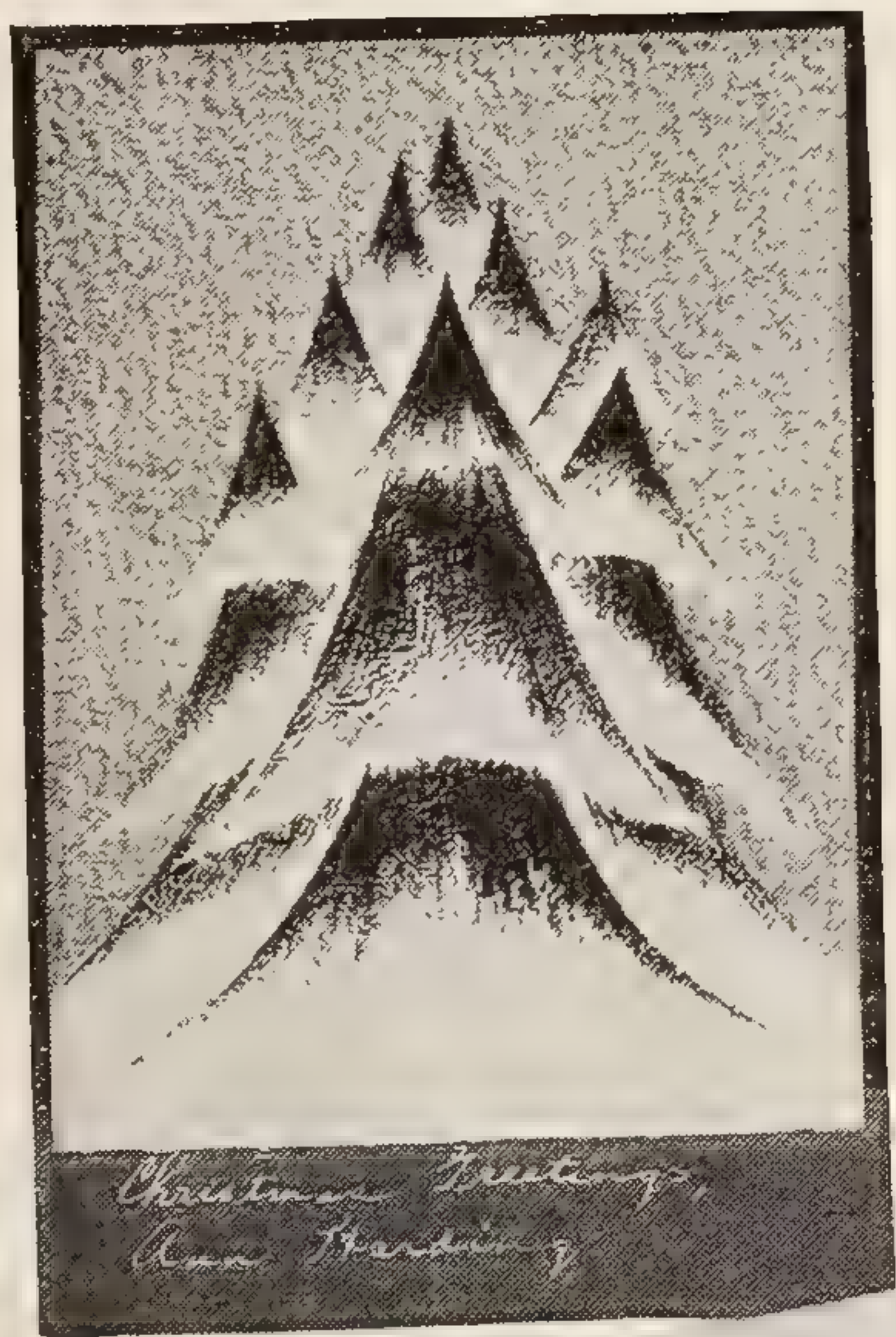
Ronald Colman has sometimes been accused of being a bit "high hat", but his choice of a Christmas card for his fans knocks that idea sky high. What is more regular than a little stubby-tailed, wire-haired terrier to stand guard over his greetings? Ronnie passed up the many elaborate cards shown him for his little etched terrier who reminded him of his own canine playmate.

"Ho, ho," cried Jack Oakie as he spied a curly-haired ice man stealing a kiss from a winsome maid under the old mistletoe, "that's my spirit for Christmas and every

The HOLIDAY SPIRIT comes

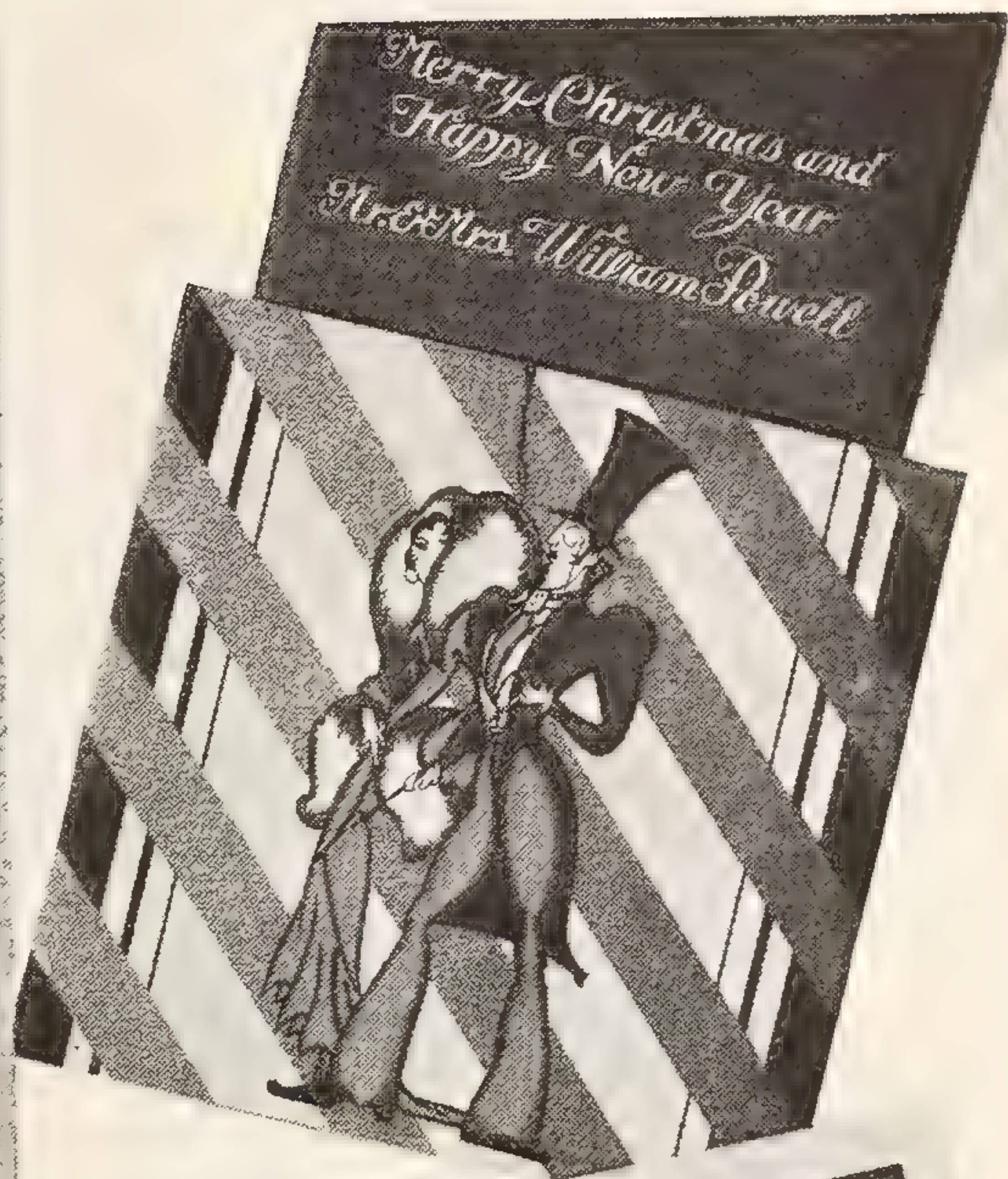
SILVER SCREEN

the STARS SELECTED



恭賀耶誕

Anna May Wong 黃柳霜



Felices Pascuas de Dolores Del Rio



Felices Pascuas — Ramon Novarro



CHRYSON'S Ltd.
Chicago—Hollywood—New York

By Harry D. Wilson

other day in the year. And that black cat sitting in the corner should give my fans a bit of good luck for 1932. Give me a pen," he said, "and I'll put my John Henry on it before the ice melts."

Marie Dressler, like Colman, believed in putting on the dog for her Christmas card. True to type, Marie chose a comedy pup while little Jackie Cooper hopped on to a speedy looking Santa. "Nothing like the power of suggestion," said Master Cooper in his best grown-up manner as he looked longingly at the little speed boat that old St. Nick was steering, then at his mother.

Anna May Wong admired by those who love the exotic did not disappoint her fans, for she introduced glamour into her "Merry Christmas" in the quaint Chinese greeting she painstakingly brushed on the extremely modernistic card she selected. On one side Anna wrote "Merry Christmas" in Chinese. She signed

her name both in English and Chinese.

Dolores Del Rio and Ramon Novarro were alike in their "Felices Pascuas" which is the Spanish way of extending Yuletide felicitations.

Leave it to Tom Mix to come through in the spirit of the wide open spaces. His card shows him literally shooting a Christmas greeting to all who proclaim him their hero. The famous initials are used seal-fashion. His white felt sombrero is in the picture. So is his saddle, but we know there'll be a wail from the younger Mix rooters, for Tony is missing.

Constance Bennett, luxurious to the 'nth degree, decided on a lovely velvet card bearing unique modernistic figures of Columbine and Harlequin.

Clark Gable featured his faithful steed in his choice of a Merry Christmas medium to his many new-found friends. It will be remembered that in "Sporting Blood" Clark and a horse were deeply imprinted in the minds of all who sighed over Clark and envied the horse.

George Arliss fancied an English plum pudding ablaze with brandied fire as typical of an old English Merrie Christmas and hastened to place his name at the

to HOLLYWOOD

for JANUARY 1932

The STARS SEND YOU THESE CHRISTMAS CARDS

bottom of this appropriate Yuletide design.

Barbara Stanwyck and Helen Twelvetrees went picturesque in their choice; while Billie Dove, true to her new type, conveyed her message in ultra-modernistic manner. A card always should reflect the sender.

Irene Dunne was richly conservative in her lovely green, black and silver card with its simple, conventional star in one corner, while Lew Cody dropped his sophistication and became a bit sentimental in a hearth-stone scene.

William Powell and Carole Lombard Powell were somewhat formal in their "Mr. and Mrs." inscription above a rather smart caricaturish couple, but with the same old "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year" greeting that never goes out of style. Incidentally, this is the first greeting of any sort bearing their married name in formal style.

Roland Young designs the cards that carry the sentiments of the Young family. Who says a Britisher lacks humor? His fans will have a good laugh at the perplexity of old man reindeer as he scans the sky-line of New York, looking in vain for a brick chimney by which to deposit his chubby master with his bag of gifts.

"A snow man for me," cried Janet Gaynor, "but a warm wish for my fan friends. I love snow men and whenever I have a chance, I help roll the balls of snow and put them together, sticking on lumps of coal for the eyes and coat buttons."

Ye olde Merrie Christmas, plum pudding, wine and turkey with all the trimmings, are in the scheme of Robert Montgomery's Yuletide wishes; while Flo and El Brendel's sentiments may be read by the candle light that flickers on the face of their flowered card of greetings.

While modernism is the vogue in most things today, it is interesting to see that the majority of the stars have chosen conventional and sentimental designs. Lighted candles, old time Christmas wreaths, Madonnas, stars and the good old Santa Claus hold a firm place in the minds of the stars as they selected their greetings for the festive season.

Norma Shearer's card displays two brilliant red fawns gamboling in fantastic manner on a silver background. She is among those who prefer to autograph personally every card she sends.

The Edmund Breeses have sent out the same card for twenty years. They started in with a dozen or two and now the annual order is in the hundreds, for they have a world of friends.

Louise Fazenda is a Christmas card fan. Last year she ordered more than five hundred and addressed them all herself, starting early in the fall, working on the set with a writing portfolio spread on her lap. She believes in the personal touch. No engraved greetings for her. She makes ornamental screens out of the hundreds of cards she receives each year.

Last Christmas Irene Rich bought individual cards especially chosen for each friend. She likes the personal element in this. "It's fun picking them out for your friends and trying to get cards that suit each individual," she said.

Most of the stars, however, frantically telephone Chryson's in a last-minute rush to send out their man with his sample books.

"We make up individual cards for each order," said Ray Fager of this smart firm, "never duplicating a design. It is gratifying to tell you that the stars do not get temperamental over their choice of cards. They take an almost child-like pleasure in selecting and always regret that they have left it so late and have to do it all so quickly."

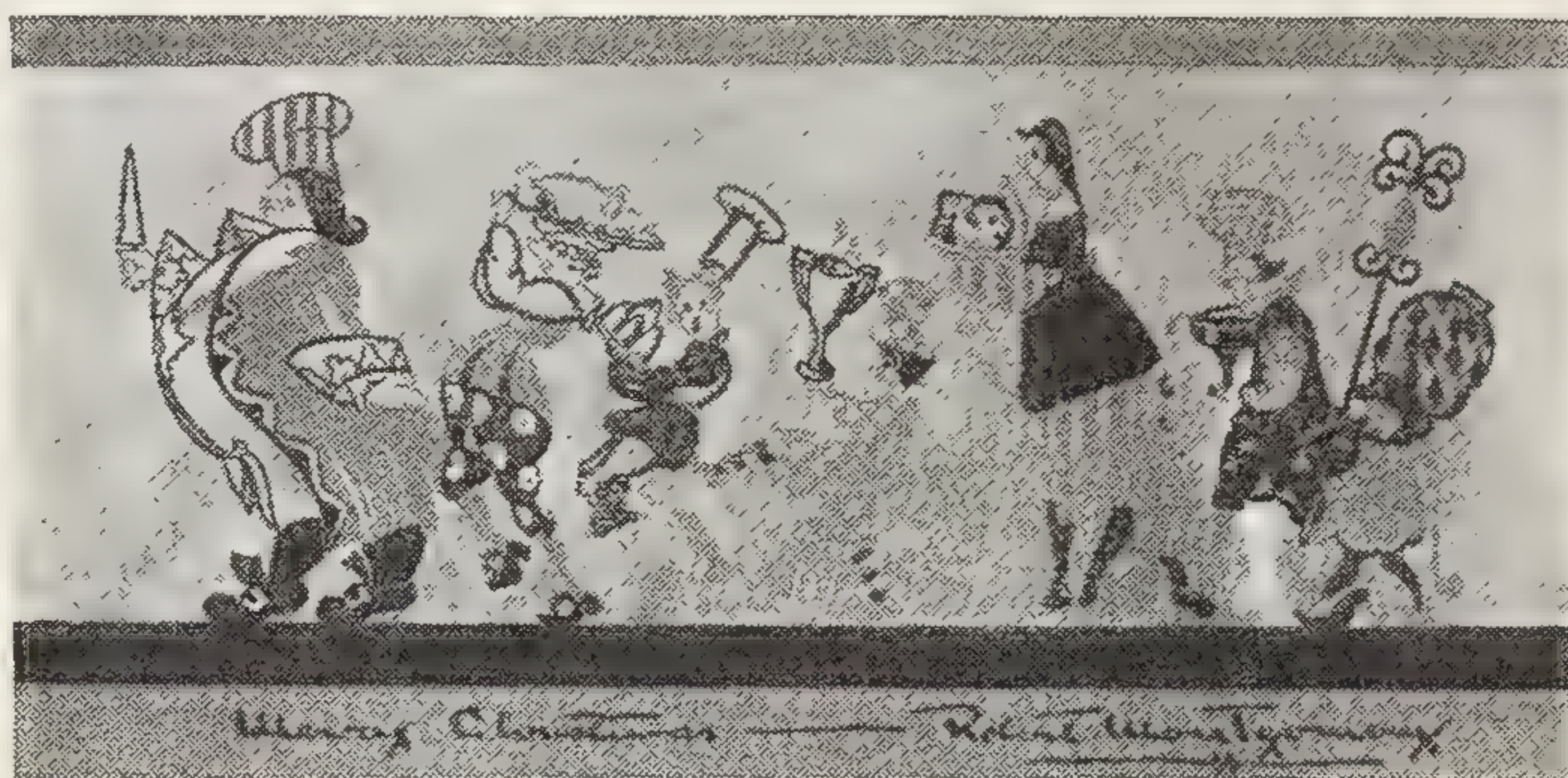
The editor of SILVER SCREEN regrets that space will not permit all who sent cards to their fans to be included in this story. Practically every important star in Hollywood sent their greetings, for the stars are realizing more every day that they owe their good fortune to their loyal admirers. Many realize that an occasional poor story or performance is overlooked by those who patronize the box-office. It is impossible for them to in any way reach this great unseen and unknown army of friends throughout the world.

So, if you don't see your pet star represented in these seasonal greetings, you can rest assured that he or she was hoping to be included, and consider yourselves the recipients of the sincerest wishes for the Merriest Christmas and the Happiest New Year that your hearts could desire.

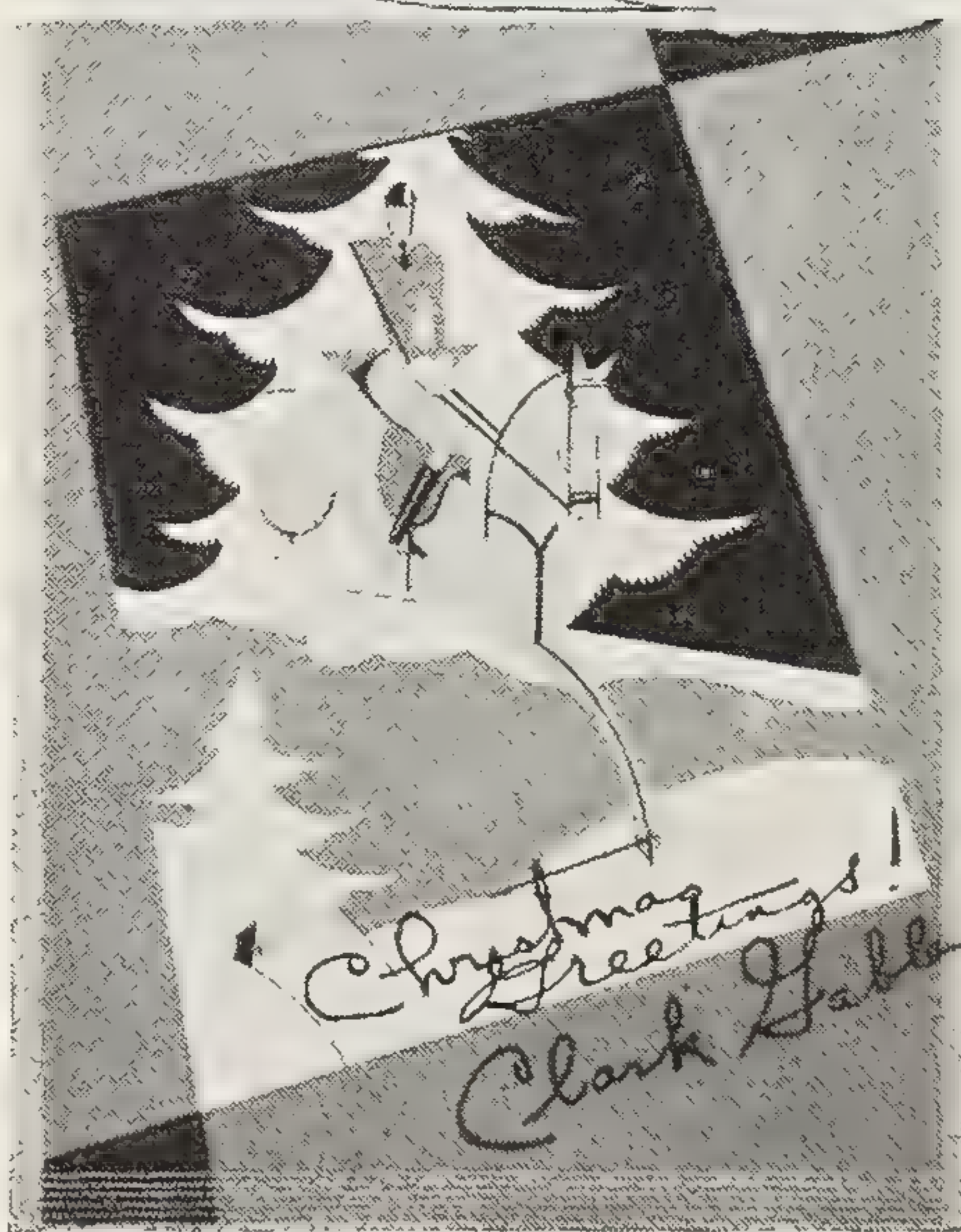
Christmas Cards are the calling cards of Santa Claus, and from his big pack he fishes out many beautiful presents. Not the least of the pleasant gifts that he always leaves

behind him is the comfortable feeling that one is not forgotten. In this respect at least a card equals the most expensive gift in the world.

P. S. Mickey Mouse sends us a special delivery message, telling us that his "papa", Walt Disney, has not made up his Christmas cards yet, but he wants to wish his gang a Christmas full of laughs.



MY CHRISTMAS GREETINGS
TO ALL *Mr. Chryson*



The movie folks show good
taste in the selections
of their Greeting Cards

Give Joan Crawford Credit

The Arts of Acting,
of Dancing, of Living
Are Hers: She is
JOAN of ARTS

By
Ben
Maddox



Joan has worked with her hands and her head, too, in shaping her destiny

SHE made herself what she is today . . . and she's not yet satisfied!

The Joan Crawford you know is a work of art. A masterpiece of glamor offering visible, tangible proof that beauty and culture can be acquired. Brains? No, you have to be born with them. And Joan was bright in the head from the moment she blinked her eyes open and surveyed the world which she had to conquer. She's the modern maiden version of Cinderella—the ambitious little nobody who waves her own fairy wand.

Joan has deliberately manufactured a personality. A driving will power, that dynamic, determined force in her which demands the best things in life, has literally transformed her from a poor girl, of commonplace looks and thoughts and distinctly below average chances for ever getting out of the everyday rut, into an exciting, brilliant woman.

"Every girl should follow the new rule of conduct," Joan says. "It might be summed up in the phrase, 'Be as attractive as you can and you'll be happy!'"

Her own allure has been painstakingly evolved. Her envied face and figure have been artificially produced by persistent experimentation and consistent adherence to the mental plan of improvement she has laid out for herself. Her intense, penetrating mind has been nurtured by hard study. Her warm, vibrant voice has been gained by speaking and singing lessons. They didn't talk the way she does now where she came from.

Even her superb poise has been consciously obtained. I know, because I've stood on the sidelines, watching and marveling at her progress.

Physically and mentally she bears little resemblance to the girl she was six years ago. Why, when she arrived in Hollywood as Lucille Le Sueur, garish hey-hey recruit from a New York chorus, she tipped the scales at 149 pounds! So you see that the world renowned Crawford figure is not a natural. It has been earned. Fortunately, the initial effort of dieting was the greatest. Keeping the curves that entrance a nation is just a routine job.

To me the most human, lovable thing about her today is the way she still seeks ways and means of improvement, and the honesty with which she admits it.

"I don't want to be just a movie star," she tells me. "I want to be one of the two or three greatest!"

If my guessing is any good, she soon will be. I believe so because she has that wonderful faculty of being able to accept criticism without resentment—and to profit by it. Most people, you have observed, are firmly convinced that anything said against them is due to sour grapes.

Joan doesn't delude herself, and therein lies her best bet for ultimate greatness. She knows exactly what she started with. The adulation which surrounds her hasn't made her forget or kid herself into considering La Crawford a heaven sent gift to the populace. If

anyone has a kick to make about her, she wants to know what it is. Then she proceeds to her mirror, looks at the woman she finds there, and holds a reckoning.

"A girl's best friend is her mirror!" she insists. "Look at yourself with the critic's eyes. At every angle. Note your good and bad points. Then campaign to correct and diminish your faults and emphasize your most favorable features. Sheer, perfect beauty is given to few women. But you can create the illusion of grace and charm. And in forming something lovely out of the uninteresting and the ordinary you can get a much more fascinating finish than the doll-like, tritely pretty girl has. Beat the rest of the sorority to it. Be your own severest critic!"

Just note what Joan has done for herself.

There wasn't a great deal for her to begin with, except a healthy constitution and a keen brain. As a child she had no advantages. No music or dancing lessons, no nice home in which to entertain, no money for attractive clothes. In fact, all the odds were stacked against her.

Born plain Billie Cassin, in San Antonio, Texas, the daughter of an unhappily mated couple, she never knew her real father. Until she was eight she lived in a tiny house in Lawton, Oklahoma, with her mother and an improvident step-father. They then moved to Kansas City where the step-father died and her mother had to go to work. Later her mother married again and Joan helped her second step-father run a hand laundry.

Her too few years in school and her six months at college were financed chiefly by her own labor. She was a little slavey in badly run boarding schools, doing all the dirty work. At Stephens College, in Columbia, Missouri, she earned her tuition by waiting on tables. The girls there were so snobbish that she quit and went back to Kansas City to find some kind of a job that

would pay the money necessary to improve herself.

She took all sorts of jobs, but always got better ones. There was no idea of the movies in her head then. All she wanted to do was to make a success at something. She worked in department stores, in a telephone office. She discovered that she had a talent for dancing and decided that she would become a musical comedy star. Work in night clubs and choruses in Detroit, Chicago, and New York followed. Harry Richman hired her to Charleston and croon "When My Sugar Walks Down the Street" in his exclusive night club.

An M-G-M executive saw her in a Shubert show and was impressed with the fierce determination to stand out that was apparent in the energetic way she sang and danced. She was suddenly given an opportunity to make good in the movies. And how she grabbed it!

She made mistakes when she first arrived in Hollywood, but she profited by them. Unlike most other picture discoveries who are overwhelmed by the influx of easy money, Joan used her head. Flappers were the rage of the moment. She became the most high-class flapper in the colony. Then when long skirts and dignity began to come into style she very seriously went to work eliminating her hey-hey characteristics.

Physically she has followed the advice she now gives others. Her face, for instance. She looked into her mirror and saw that her mouth was really too big, that her lower teeth are not as straight as they should be, that her eyes have a tendency to look huge.

Whereupon she shaped her eyebrows in a more becoming line and learned to rouge her lips so as to make them appear smaller. She realized that a flashing smile was a very important asset for a star. Practice taught her to conceal the two crooked lower teeth.

"My figure was a real problem," she admits candidly. "I am five feet four, and my normal weight should be 130 pounds. When I took my first film test I weighed 149 and it was all solid muscle, [Continued on page 70]



Joan Crawford and Wallace Ford in "Possessed," her latest picture. Clark Gable is Joan's leading man again

For Your Happy New Year



AUTREY

CONSTANCE
BENNETT

SHE is one of the greatest box office attractions, and that makes you a box office. She plays the parts of little girls who are not complete strangers to life and makes you like them. In fact she is our ideal ruin in pictures, because she carries it off so gaily that we gladly follow after, revising our Victorian standards as we run to catch up. Next "A Lady With a Past"



ALEXANDER

IT'S INA CLAIRE'S PICTURE

THE Zoë Akin's gay comedy "The Greeks Had a Word for It" has been screened by Samuel Goldwyn. Ina Claire, in the above scene, is near the window, David Manners stands, Joan Blondell is by Madge Evans at the piano and Lowell Sherman looks cynically on. At the left is Joan in her nightie, or Chanel's nightie to be exact, for it is a very special design with applique of beige lace finished at the hem with the same lace. After this garment Joan will be seen in "Union Depot"—but that is another story





SHALITT

THIS TIME TALLULAH HAS A FINE STORY

TALLULAH BANKHEAD having been born and bred American has been treated just like one of the family. We have given her poor stories and inconsequential treatment; we put on no airs with Tallulah—she's just one of ourselves. Now "The Cheat" is almost as good as the foreign stars get, and Harvey Stephens and Irving Pichel support her or she supports them—wait and see. At the right, Mr. Pichel and the old branding iron—not a brand new situation, but good for a marvelous thrill—Hot!





HAL PHYFE

PAUL is back from his European vacation and ready to rally round with Clive Brook and the other members of the English clique of Hollywood. His next picture for Fox is "Circumstance". In war times Paul was a soldier, going to the front line trenches directly from his school days at Eton. In his early youth he ran away to sea, and later on, to Canada on a lark. His life has been so full of adventure that he is now writing a book. He lives up to the traditions of a gentleman and is charming and self-effacing

PAUL
CAVANAUGH



FEREN

RICHARD
BARTHELMESS

DICK who for years has turned out pictures that people wanted to see and did, has taken for his next subject a Hungarian play. It is called "Alias the Doctor" and has something to do with a big-hearted fellow who practices without a license. Without knowing a thing about it we can assure you that it will be a rattling fine entertainment and that Dick will maintain his unique position of being the one star who gives his associates a chance at the spotlight



FERENC

LIL DAGOVER

THE exquisite Lil with the Reinhardt prestige has learned English as quickly as this. She could smile in English even when we talked with her. Her airplane visit to the cities enroute to Hollywood was a great success. She is Americanized. Instead of quickly seizing one's arm to say "Sharming!" We suppose now Lil says "Ha-cha-cha". Did you know she never eats salt? And look at her back!



FERENC

NORMA SHEARER

SHE is the heroine of "Private Lives". In this picture she is co-starred with Robert Montgomery in the new M-G-M campaign to crowd out Old Man Depression from the theatres by crowding the shows full of stars. Norma's "A Free Soul" has held up wonderfully and she is mentioned for the "Best Performance" prize because of her Jan Asche rôle. You know Norma won this trophy last year



AN OLD MASTER MAKES A PICTURE

"THE Struggle" made by David Wark Griffith is supposed to be a study of American life and Prohibition. The players, Evelyn Baldwin and Jackson Halliday, are by no means subordinated to propaganda. The beautiful sets testify to the experienced Griffith's great knowledge of sympathetic settings for his dramatic periods

HOLLYWOOD in a HURRY!

How Emergencies Are
Met In Picture Making

By
James M. Fidler

CONSTERNATION reigned on "The Iron Man" set. Lew Ayres, star of the picture, had been given a black eye by a pug employed to play the other man in a rousing prize-fight sequence. True, the script called for a black eye but there were other scenes to be made prior to the shots of the eboned optic. The prize-fighter's blow had been accidental but the results promised to be brutal. Several days delay pended. The director tore his hair, the efficiency expert groaned about production costs, and Ayres sat morosely on a stool and nursed the injured eye tenderly. The pug who caused it all kept patting Lew awkwardly on the back.

"I didn't mean to do it, kid," he repeated over and over. "Jeez, I didn't mean to do it."

The only unperturbed person on the set was the make-up expert. "Black eye," he echoed when he heard about the accidental punch that threatened to cost the company several thousands of dollars. "I can paint it so you'll never know it."

Half hour later the company resumed work. Close-ups of Ayres were made and now the picture has been shown in thousands of theatres throughout the world. Not one person has become aware of the fact that a number of scenes were made in which Lew Ayres' black eye was painted to look natural.

Quick service is vital to the welfare of motion pictures. Unforeseen problems arise many times during the making of every picture and when it is realized that hundreds of pictures are produced annually, it must be perceived that unusual orders demanding immediate response are common occurrences. Directors request fresh orchids in the middle of the night and in a few minutes they are on the set. In the dead of winter, they demand peach trees in full blossom and get them. No order is too complicated or difficult for fulfillment.

One of the most unusual petitions for sudden service took place during the filming of "The Big House". Particular emphasis on an effect of



Genevieve Tobin after she had become the fair-haired child demanded by the impatient director, and below, Miss Tobin with her own red-gold hair



horror was being sought and the director fretted over some final touch to a prison scene. Wallace Beery suggested that cockroaches would add a nauseous quality, and the idea appealed immediately to the director. But where were cockroaches to be had on such instant notice? Time was precious; scores of extras were waiting; electricians, grips and laborers were idling on union wages, and cameramen, technicians and high-salaried members of the cast were costing the company hundreds of dollars an hour.

A clever property man was committed with the task of securing the bugs, and within half an hour returned with a hundred cockroaches that were soon sharing close-ups with Beery and Montgomery.

Luke Cosgrave, a white-whiskered character actor, obtained a part in "The Squaw Man" by telling Cecil B. DeMille he could drive an old type Ford. The company went on location to Arizona and there Cosgrave discovered that he had to pilot a flivver up a steep mesa and make a sudden turn at the very edge of a precipice. In the back seat of the car were to be Eleanor Boardman and Roland Young. It was a dangerous assignment, even for an experienced driver, and Cosgrave's heart quailed as he peered down the sheer canyon walls. Then he confessed to DeMille that he lied to get the job. *Twenty-four hours before the scene was to be made, he told the director he couldn't drive!* The company was eight hundred miles from Hollywood and a hurried search revealed that there were no inhabitants who could possibly replace Luke, whereupon C. B. instructed the actor that he *had* to drive the Ford.

A workman familiar with the eccentricities of aged flivvers was detailed to spend the day with Cosgrave and for ten hours the two of them rolled over the rockiest, ruttiest roads in Arizona. The next day found the bewhiskered actor tired, weak and nervous but he navigated the car through the dangerous scenes with only a few mistakes. When [Continued on page 64]

Dust off Four Pedestals



Virginia Brooks

Twin Falls Beauty, She Falls for Pictures and We Fall for Her

SOME twenty years ago—it was on March 26, 1911, if you care for dates—Virginia Brooks was born in Twin Falls, Idaho. She was a cute kid with big blue eyes and golden brown hair and little feet that wouldn't keep still—much to her nurse's distress. It was evident even at that early age that she would be either a dancer or a globe-trotter.

While she was still a baby her family moved to San Francisco. They sent her to the public schools there and then to the Lowell High School which gave her a diploma and pronounced her educated. Virginia drew a sigh of relief. Now for a career! Los Angeles seemed to offer better opportunities to a girl who had stage ambitions so her parents notified the postal authorities to forward the mail. Virginia secured her first real acting job with the Pasadena Community Playhouse, and started in "Follow Thru" a few months later in Los Angeles. After that came "Hi, There" and "The Desert Song" with plenty of vaudeville engagements to fill in the spare time.

Of course, it wasn't long before the big movie magnates, always on the look-out for that ole devil Personality, noticed the pretty little dancer who could also act. She was summoned to the Educational Studios and cast for the leading rôle in "Crashing Hollywood". Personality scored again and Virginia was signed by Educational for six more comedies. She's five feet four inches and weighs 110 pounds.

Adrienne Ames

*Adrienne Ames
for Screen Glory*

ADRIENNE AMES takes the chocolate frosted cake for finding the easiest way to get into pictures. Imagine her surprise when she found herself precipitated into a screen career without even the bother of lifting her finger, or her skirts. Adrienne has been a movie fan ever since she was old enough to look at pictures, but not even in her wildest dreams did she ever think she would be one of those beautiful ladies of the cinema. In this Life one never knows: Old Greek Proverb.

In March, 1931, Adrienne and her millionaire husband went to Honolulu on a vacation and stopped over in Hollywood on their way home. Adrienne had heard of the ace camera portraitist, Ruth Harriet Louise, and decided she would have some pictures of herself made. The camera caught her beauty so strikingly that Ruth Harriet sent the studies over to Paramount, and Paramount immediately sent for Adrienne. . . . As simple as that.

Adrienne had a small part in "Twenty-Four Hours" and will be seen in "Working Girls" and Chevalier's "One Hour With You". Paramount has her signed on contract as a featured player. If you saw her in her first picture you were tremendously impressed with her beauty. She has lovely dark brown hair and blue eyes and weighs 120 pounds. And what a stunning figure. Un-um.

She was born in Fort Worth, Texas, but went to New York to study fashion designing. Along came love in the shape of a rich broker. Followed Europe, Southampton and the Best People—but it's Hollywood and a movie career now.



in the HALL of FAME

Kathryn Crawford

In "Hit the Deck"

Kathie Hit the Screen

WHEN you see "Flying High" your optics will fall upon a young girl so fresh and vivacious that you will immediately rush home and dash off a fan letter to her. Her name's Kathryn Crawford, in case you want to know. Kathryn has been playing around in Hollywood for several years and has a whole list of pictures to her credit, but her leading part in the M-G-M musical is the best rôle she has had to date.

Kathryn's real name is Kathryn Crawford Moran and she was born in Wellsboro, Pennsylvania, October 5, 1908. Her father, Michael Moran, was supervisor of a glass factory there. But her family soon moved to Newark, Ohio, where Kathryn was sent to public school, and then to Huntington Park, California, where she went to high school. Then back to Chicago and New York—and the stage.

Kathryn's youthful ambition was to be a great singer so she took vocal lessons and studied hard. But one doesn't jump right into opera so Kathie consoled herself with musical comedies. She was singing in the Los Angeles company of "Hit the Deck" when she was given her first movie contract. She immediately forgot her operatic ambitions and settled down in Hollywood.

She has two hobbies—collecting queer old bottles and assembling the rarest of perfumes. And when she isn't out offering competition to the old bottle man you'll probably find her swimming. Her favorite actress is Bebe Daniels.



Ginger Rogers

She Has the Best
Name to Get Famous

EVERYBODY knows Ginger Rogers. Though she is only twenty she has been a stage and screen success for three years—and don't forget her radio audience. She is one of the most popular of the younger actresses in New York.

Ginger was born in Independence, Missouri, but she calls Fort Worth, Texas "home", for it was there she went to school and quickly became a local personality. The little red-haired, freckled faced girl with the tremendous amount of sparkling vivacity was the "hit" of all the local talent affairs of the city. She could dance and she could sing, like nobody's business. The Charleston dance craze swept the country and before long every nook and cranny in the Rogers home was filled with cups and trophies won by Ginger. She captured the Texas State championship which brought her a four weeks' vaudeville tour. She was off!

New York lost no time in becoming Ginger Rogers conscious. She was given one of the leads of "Top Speed", successful musical comedy, and the motion picture industry became interested. Paramount placed her under contract and her first picture for them was "Young Man of Manhattan", followed by others. While she was appearing in "Girl Crazy", a hit of last winter, RKO-Pathé signed her for "The Tip Off" and were so delighted with her that she was given the lead in "Suicide Fleet".

Ginger intensely dislikes telephones and alarm clocks. She likes sweet potatoes and movies, and her favorite actor is Weldon Heyburn. She calls Hollywood "Gablewood".



THRILLS of the STARS

The Whole World Tries to See,
Touch, Serve, Hear, Cheer or Meet
the Stars



When Gary Cooper returned to his Alma Mater for a football game, he was entertained by President Maine of Grinnell and Governor Hammil of Iowa. High or low they are proud to know Gary

When Norma Shearer broke the box-office record at the Criterion Theatre, Los Angeles

HOW would you behave?

If: British officials proposed to erect a statue in your honor? Such a tribute was offered to Chaplin. Would you decline with a modestly whimsical remark such as his, "I'm afraid, if you did that, I never could be funny again"?

Every time you appeared in public, mobs of avid fans swarmed around you, excitedly demanding that you autograph their note-books, cuffs, the backs of mirrors in their purses, or their handkerchiefs?

Suddenly a police escort, with sirens screeching, appeared in front of your car to clear the way for its swift passage along a crowded street, as was Estelle Taylor's experience? In such a circumstance, would you

keep the soul of a flivver-driver? Would you, now?

You were waited on in shops ahead of your turn, accorded service in restaurants far superior to that given mere folks? Seats were found for you at the last minute for the opening of a highly publicized show though the *hoi polloi* had been told that all the tickets were sold?

Upon your arrival at a hotel in any metropolitan city, you found your rooms full of flowers, candies and fruits, gifts of greeting from the management? Such comfortably decorative welcome mats are spread for Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford—in fact, for practically all the well known stars.

In short, how would you act if you were a stellar personage? Would you keep your feet on terra firma and consider yourself just another wage-earner if the public

that MONEY COULDN'T BUY!

By
Myrtle
Gebhart



Wallace Beery, master of ceremonies at the premiere of "Strangers May Kiss," introduces Robert Montgomery to the radio audience and gives Bob a lucky piece. How would you behave in Bob's place?

Joan Crawford signs her autograph in the cement entrance to the Chinese Theatre, Hollywood

greeted by twenty thousand people, stampeding each other for a closer view, with shouted compliments shrill upon the air. Dock policemen had to carry her on their shoulders in order to get her aboard the *Bremen*. A number of her admirers were so eager for a final glimpse that

they had to be taken off the boat by force.

When Garbo sauntered into the Mission Inn unexpectedly for luncheon, the excited manager hastily ordered the balcony roped off for her. There she lunched in solitary grandeur, scrutinized by barrages of curious eyes. Whispered comments on her choice of food, on her riding-habit and beret, on her looks, rolled up to her table on the dais. If you were Garbo, would it be easy to think of yourself as a common, ordinary mortal?

The entrance of each player into a theatre on premiere night, or his emergence from a Boulevard café any noon-time, resembles the triumphal march of a conquering hero, cheered loudly by the sidewalk gallery. He must acknowledge each [Continued on page 89]

mobbed you whenever you stuck your head out-of-doors, if stacks of eulogistic letters reached you daily from all over the world, if you were enormously well paid for your labor, if lights everywhere twinkled the message of your name, if newspapers and magazines clamored for new photos, for interviews? If your least gesture or opinion were italicized and broadcasted?

Before you blame an actor who now and then goes high-hat, think how you would behave if all people seemed in a friendly conspiracy to spoil you.

Would you remain the humbly grateful servant of the public? The chances are that, at some time or other, your human nature would swell up a trifle at such lavish attentions showered upon you, a celebrity.

Upon sailing for Europe, Constance Bennett was

HOT LUPE!

The Pepper Box From
Mexico Adds Spice
to Many a Luncheon
Conversation

By Jeanne de Kolty



HELLO, everybody!" she shouts, barging onto the set.

She doesn't differentiate between the high and the low. She's not friendly with just a chosen few. She's everybody's pal. Her name is Lupe Velez.

Directors greet her informally; cameramen, equally casually. Sound men boom, "Hello, Lupe!" Prop boys call, "G'morning, Lupe!" Even the most obscure carpenter perched precariously on the highest rafter, ceases his hammering long enough to yell, "Hi!"

There's no "Miss Velez" about her. Nobody feels that a personage has arrived on the set. There is no bowing or scraping. Nothing has changed, save that Lupe, one of the gang, has arrived for work.

All this might give the impression that Lupe is the world's best sport—indeed, a perfect human. Don't get me wrong. She's not. Perfect humans, we are told, don't exist. If they did, Lupe wouldn't be one.

I first met her way back in the good old days—remember?—at the beginning of that famous occurrence, the advent of talkies. She was making "Lady of the Pavements" and I had to interview her.

It was a never-to-be-forgotten experience. She hadn't been in Hollywood so very long. It was all still rather thrilling. Her little brother was present and the pair of them worked hard to live up to the rôle Lupe had created for herself of a "hot tamale". They showed me scars of many battles they had fought together, and regaled me with tales of Lupe's escapades, trials and the innumerable masculine hearts she had broken.

"I arrive een zees contree weet' only wan dollar!" she told me, eyes a-light with excitement. A week or so previous, an interview had been published in which Mary Nolan told how she lived three days in England on one dollar. It was a good story. Lupe decided to adopt it for herself.

The whole interview was more or less like that. It lasted long into the afternoon. As I was leaving, Lupe assured me that we should be "beeg" friends.

I had a sneaking hunch that she didn't even remember what publication I represented.

Neither Lupe nor I guessed that a short time later I would be "holding script" on one of her pictures. It happened in the way that everything of importance seems to happen in Hollywood—by accident.

A once famous star who, at the time, was said to be "out", was cast in a super-production. Everything was set and the company left Hollywood for location, I going as script girl.

From the beginning, the picture seemed doomed. The star was not satisfied with her part. The director was not satisfied with her. A terrible day, during which the entire company of sixty or more felt the strain, ensued.

That night at dinner someone remarked that the star was miscast. The opinion was unanimous.

"You know," the co-director suggested, "that rôle calls for a more vivacious girl. Someone with pep and sex appeal. Lupe what's-er-name out at M-G-M could do it; but she's under contract."

The director agreed. How the matter was finally negotiated remains a mystery. Suffice it to say that the next day the company returned to Hollywood and tests of Lupe Velez were viewed in the projection room. She immediately started work on the picture.

In the following years I learned much of Lupe Velez. Never dreaming that some day I would again attempt to be a writer, she did many things which she might otherwise have refrained from.

Her initial outburst of temperament occurred on our first day of "shooting" in snow. It was bitterly cold. Snow piled six to eight feet outside the train from which we were "shooting".

Lupe's rôle required a French accent. The dialectician who was coaching her [Continued on page 72]

In "The Cuban Love Song" Lupe Velez warms Mr. Tibbett to song

Ben Lyon's Up In the Air

By Jack Cooper



SECOND LIEUTENANT BENJAMIN B. LYON, JR., of the 322nd Pursuit Squadron, U. S. Army Air Corps, holds an army pilot's rating card—and thereby hangs a tale.

Unlike most events of great magnitude (and this is a matter of great import to Ben Lyon) it did not have a small beginning. Surely one hundred and ten hours in the air cannot be considered a small beginning for an air record which led to the movie star attaining the highest rating which can be achieved in aviation.

Ben is mighty proud of his commission and rating. It meant a few years of hard, gruelling work. Weeks of study and physical training which led to disturbing examinations which, in themselves, consumed days on end.

The A. P. rating means not only that he may solo an army ship, but that he is a perfect specimen of manhood, physically and mentally, with a knowledge of aviation that includes everything from the tightening of a spark plug to the formation and movement of clouds.

It all began when Ben was making "Hell's Angels".

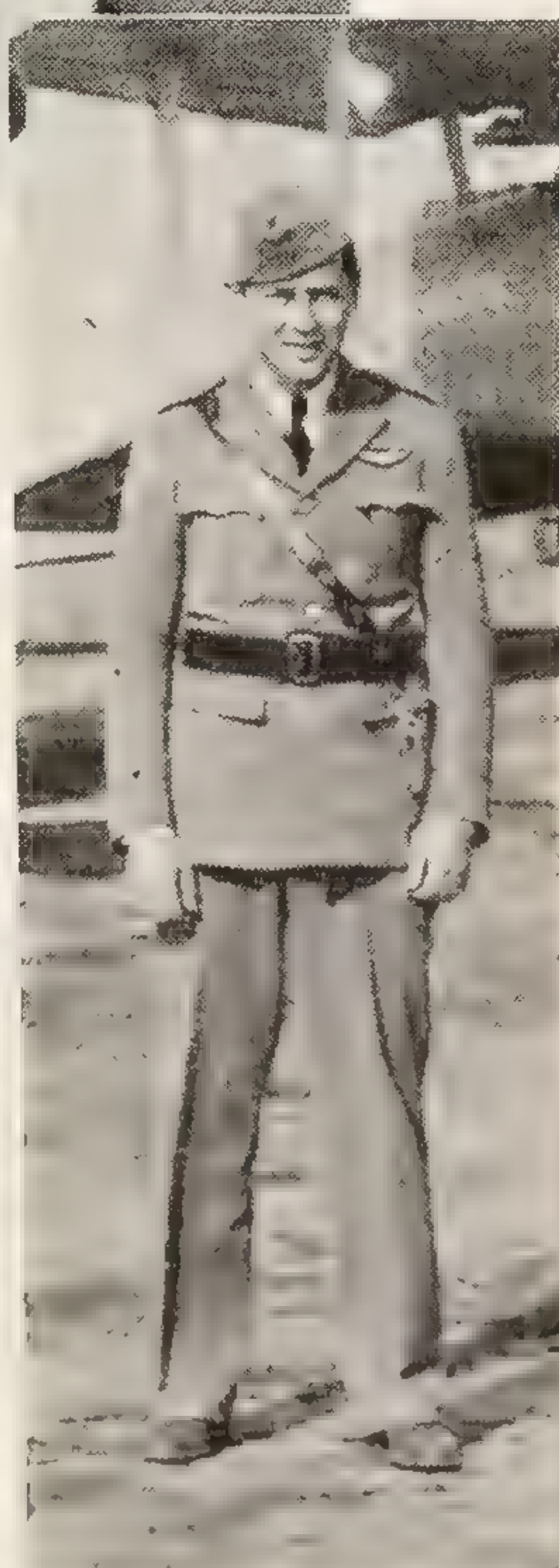
For a total of one hundred and ten hours, Ben was ensconced in the nose of a bombing plane high in the air.

"And," Ben added parenthetically, "if I knew then what I know now, I would never have gone up in the thing, and hence would not have been in "Hell's Angels", and ergo would not now be an army flier."

His position in the nose, or the "meat can", as it was known to war-time flyers, of the bombing plane was always considered the most dangerous to aviators. He was between two propellers. If anything hit



Ben, a good flyer, good husband, fond father and a darn good actor



Second Lieutenant Benjamin B. Lyon, Jr., 322nd Pursuit Squadron

Ben flying solo over Long Beach, California. He holds the highest rating the United States Government can bestow

either one of them and chipped it, it would go through him like a knife. Besides, the plane itself was an old army "crate" with a dubious lease on life.

Ignorance was bliss. Ben got the thrill of his life out of all this flying, and when the picture was finished he not only had the feel of the air, but had a decided bee in his bonnet in regard to aviation.

That was in 1928. Ben couldn't wait for time off to get in some lessons and practice.

During two weeks off during the filming of "Hell's Angels", he went over to F. B. O. to make a picture. During his lunch hour he would dash down to a nearby air field where he would spend a half hour in the air receiving instructions from Pilot Lloyd Anderson, his first teacher.

Sunday he took a full hour lesson, and after running up the grand total of five and a half hours of instruction he soloed.

"I shall never forget the thrill of being alone in the air for the first time," he reminisced. "It is the most eerie and yet the most exalted feeling I have ever experienced. Alone in the clouds—my destiny in my own hands—and the hard earth dimly seen through a light haze at my feet.

"My [Continued on page 78]

Stuart Erwin is our favorite boob. But he makes motions which seem pregnant with sanity

A Fool for

No Wonder a Moron Whistles
—He Gets the Breaks

and yet, we know he'd be fun to have around. A darned sight more fun, in fact, than one of the handsome brotherhood who, after all, would be infinitely wearing and tearing on both our nerves and our complexions.

Imagine having to live up to the Barrymore profile! Think of how we'd feel if Buddy Rogers caught us without rouge on our cheeks or mascara on our eyes!

But with "Stu" we wouldn't mind. We'd feel just about as upset as when the boy next door, whom we've known ever since grammar school days, drops in to borrow a new victrola record and catches us with water-wave combs in our hair.

And then there's the "first inebriate of the screen," Charlie Ruggles. (Ruth Chatterton is the "first lady," so why not a few other



Joan Blondell now in "The Greeks Had A Word For It" got in by leaving her dignity outside



Charles Ruggles pretends to be squiffy, soused and cockeyed and so becomes the hero of America



When Joe E. Brown opened his mouth a silver spoon and a whole dinner set fell in

WHY is it that screen fame, which is so difficult for a hero-type player to win, is lavished upon a comedian? Why is it that when a comic comes along we make as much fuss over him as Eugenie made over that feather in her hat?

The fools have the luck.

The boobs get the breaks.

If you don't believe me, just name the leading comedians of films. Stuart Erwin, Jack Oakie, Charles Ruggles, Marie Dressler, Joan Blondell—oh, you go on from there—you know them as well as I do.

Many a young leading man is leading a forlorn hope up a side street while the irrepressible comic cops the contract.

Take Stuart Erwin, for instance (just try to take him now, when he's billing and cooing with June Collyer Erwin—the lucky dog. "Stu," I mean, not June). "Stu" isn't the sort of chap that makes us girls have palpitation of the heart. We can't get the least bit romantic over him—

LUCK

By
Laura
Benham



Marie Dressler—
the mistress of
comedy—a star
because she can
be foolish



Monroe Owsley in "This Modern Age" almost got the
girl, Joan Crawford. A rake's progress

"firsts"? The contest is now on, but no prizes.)

Charlie's not what you'd call a Romeo. But, after all, what girl feels like playing Juliet every night? Draping oneself over a balcony might be all right once in awhile, say on Thanksgiving and Christmas, but for an everyday diet, a level plane is much more satisfactory.

And besides, Charlie seems so *understanding* . . . He's weak himself and so we know that he wouldn't lecture us if he caught us in a weak moment, too.

Another lad who has of late been drinking his way to fame and fortune is Monroe Owsley. And what a lot of fun that lad is! In fact, we know we'd enjoy going to a cabaret with Monroe—he'd be the life of the party and wouldn't mind if his hair got mussed or we stepped on his toes.

Monroe's first picture was "Holiday," after which he drank himself to even bigger and better rôles. Until

finally, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer decided to make a hero of him in "This Modern Age," opposite Joan Crawford.

But when the picture was completed, executives gave one look at it and asked why waste a good comedian on the kind of a rôle that almost any actor in Hollywood could adequately fill? So, the last half of it was remade, in order that Monroe might continue his own inimitable method of clowning . . . or should I say drowning?

For there are a hundred heroes for every good comedian in pictures. And a good comic has a price above rubies!

It was her humorous antics that made Marie Dressler what she is today. Of course, Marie's a swell actress. But it was because of her ability to "put over"

broad comedy that she managed to remain in pictures throughout the lean years until "Anna Christie" arrived with her big opportunity.

And Joan Blondell probably had Marie in mind when she descended upon Hollywood. For her first rôles were those of wise-cracking, amusing young women without a serious thought under their pre-Eugenie bonnets. (Remember Joan in "The Office Wife"?)

But because she made those characters so human and so likeable, Joan has been promoted to dramatic rôles and Wampas Baby Stardom at one and the same time. In the future she'll be allowed moments of sentimental dallying and even a hero or two to boot!

She's not the least bit beautiful, this Joan. Nice legs, yes, and a cunning gamin-like smile—but nothing tender or glamorous or pristine about her. Yet Joan's definitely the type of girl with [Continued on page 72]

MASTER of HORRORS!

Has Bela Lugosi Inherited
the Mantle of Lon Chaney?

By John Sinclair

BELA LUGOSI, the Hungarian actor, has a home of modest and simple exterior on a quiet street in Hollywood.

And to pass him on the street you would think: "A calm man, with military bearing. Fine physique. A little sadness in the face. Clothes not at all outstanding." For such is Bela. (Pronounced Bee-la.)

But the real character of the actor's home lies on the other side of the heavy paneled door. A long living room with walls that rise twenty feet to the ceiling. A concert grand piano close beside the huge studio window that looks up to the hills of Hollywood. Fine paintings. Rare books well read. Monterey furniture with deep leather cushions. A sense of vast space.

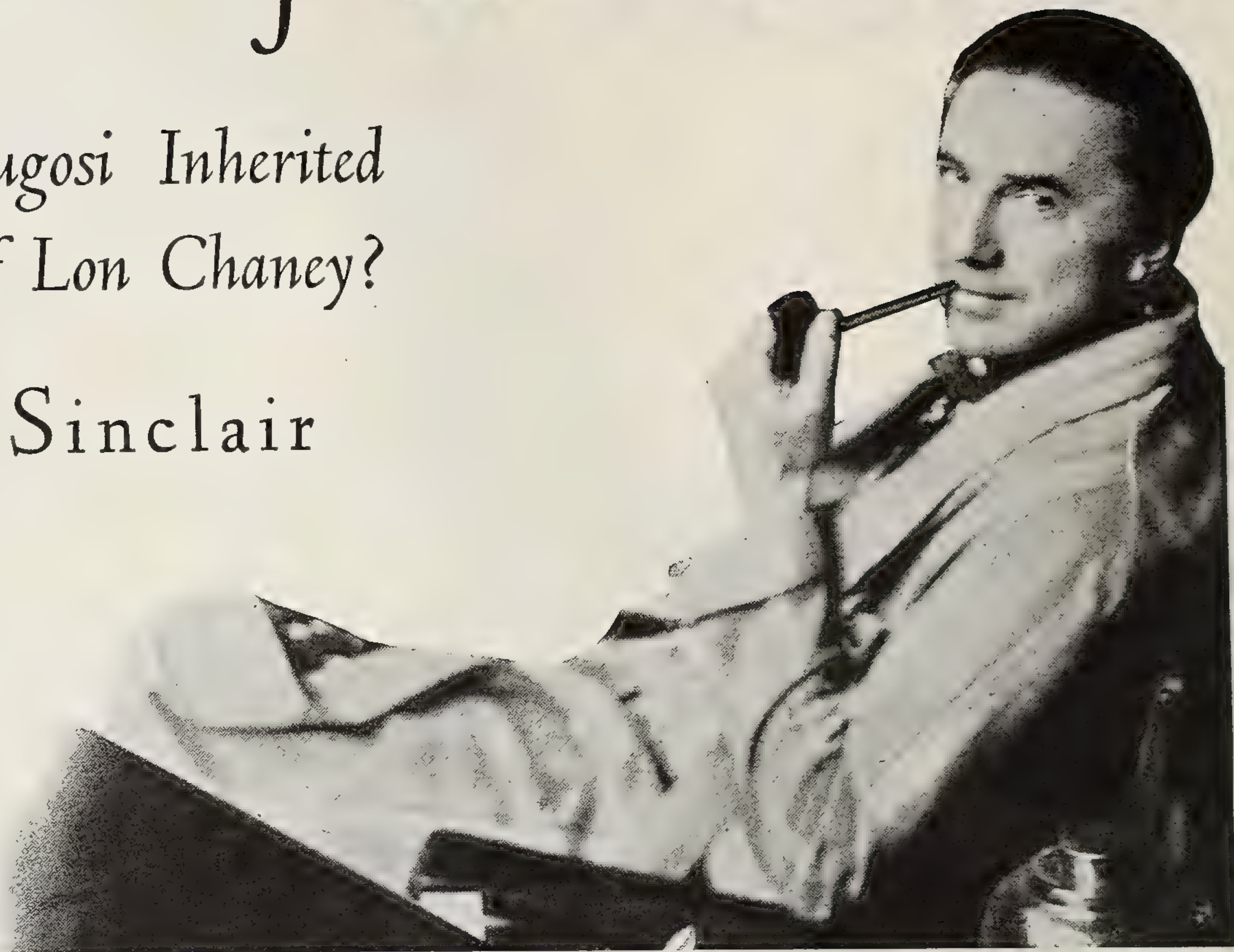
Of himself, Lugosi says he does not want people to see his clothes first and himself afterward. He thinks the personality should outshine all the details of dress. That is the reason you will find him in ready-made suits for every day. It is only on the occasion of studio calls, social festivities, and very special days that his valet can persuade him to get into his exquisitely tailored clothes.

Three years on the stage in the title rôle of "Dracula", followed by the same rôle in the film version, and other picture characterizations of eerie nature, apparently have permanently identified the name of Bela Lugosi with the weird and unusual.

Fan letters come to him from all over the world and they are all written in the same vein. They come from people who sense in him the supernatural, and who wish to ask him questions about life and themselves which he cannot possibly answer. They come from movie fans who have heard strange tales about his childhood in the Hungarian town of Lugos, and believe it is his early association with vampires and medieval ghosts that enables him to play his vivid characterizations.

A letter of this latter type always makes Bela smile.

Born in a country town that had been named for one of his ancestors when he founded it as a hamlet, Bela's childhood was the usual husky, absorbing life of the country boy. He had his donkey to ride over the town and into the country. The fact that his family, well fixed financially, were already planning a distinguished career for him as a statesman or a banker did not trouble him during this happy period of his life.



A childhood memory that stands out sharply in Lugosi's mind concerns the circumstances of earning his first

money—a sum equal to about ten cents.

"A girl in the village park offered me the money if I would hold her dog while she sat on a bench and kissed her sweetheart."

Bela says he remembers that he certainly earned the money, because the kisses became quite lengthy affairs, and the dog pulled hard on his leash, and he himself was only seven and was soon tired out.

Other letters that come to Lugosi remark about his extremely long and fascinating hands; and his eyes which are like no eyes of living man.

"Make-up, only make-up," said Lugosi. "But some of these people who write me could never believe that. Possibly they would not care to know that I like to keep my nails short. That I haven't a double joint in my body. That my eyes without make-up are no more mysterious than theirs. That I do not use sugar nor butter and that I have a schedule of exercises that I practise absolutely every day in the year.

"Circumstances made me the theatrical personality I am, which many people believe is also a part of my personal life. My next picture, 'Murders in the Rue Morgue', will continue to establish me as a weird, gruesome creature. As for my own feelings on the subject, I have always felt I would rather play—say Percy Marmont rôles than Lon Chaney types of things."

During his early 'teen years Bela was deeply attracted to the theatre. He had read "Romeo and Juliet" so many times he knew the whole thing by heart. When the leading man of the traveling show which was to present the Shakespearean play in the Hungarian town took sick, Bela went to the manager and asked to be put on as a substitute.

Lugosi made good in this [Continued on page 70]

The man who was "Dracula" prefers rôles that awaken old superstitions



WAR IN BOUDOIRS

GRETA GARBO and Ramon Novarro in "Mata Hari", the great drama of war and sacrifice, which is the story of this famous and beautiful spy. A secret agent pays such a price when discovered that every moment of life is brittle with danger. And what if she falls in love?





THE BELOVED BACHELOR

Rating: GOOD

Paramount

Paul Lukas who used to be such a fascinating and sinister menace has now turned sympathetic and heroic. But you'll like him even better than before. In this picture he plays a handsome and kindly bachelor who has been disappointed in love. To save a little girl from the horrors of an Orphan Asylum he adopts her. When she is eighteen she falls in love with him—and his old love returns from New York. Who wins?



THE CISCO KID

Rating: GOOD

Fox

This is a picture that takes you back to the days when the screen was the border line between outlaw Mexico and the Romantic Ranchos. In those days horse flesh had sex appeal. Warner Baxter, the Cisco Kid, carries out the beautiful Robin Hood tradition and robs from the rich to give to the poor—he robs from the bank to give to the prettiest Widder Woman you ever saw. Eddie Lowe is the Law, and Nora Lane the Widder.



THE ROAD TO SINGAPORE

Rating: GOOD

Warners

William Powell now performs for Warner Brothers—but it's the same William Powell, still suave and sophisticated and a bit naughty. It seems that over in Singapore the British are rather snobby and don't care to associate with William because he was named as co-respondent in a divorce case. But William doesn't mind—he simply walks off with the doctor's wife and finds perfect love. Lovely Doris Kenyon and Marian Marsh are in it.

Silver Screen's



**SUSAN LENOX:
HER FALL AND RISE**

Rating: EXCELLENT

M-G-M

Garbo finds opportunity in this old story by David Graham Phillips to be forlorn, to be terror stricken, and to be utterly desirable. Clark Gable is the leading man, and he infuses such reality and fire into his rôle that Garbo's patient, all-enduring love becomes a beautiful thing. The plot is rather vague at times, and often melodramatic, but you do not realize this for you are completely lost in the charm of the Garbo. In fact, there might not be any plot for all you care!



MONKEY BUSINESS

Rating: EXCELLENT

Paramount

In this picture the Four Marx Brothers are funnier than a barrel of monkeys. Their humor is illogical, absurd, foolish and silly, and do you laugh! Look out for your operation when Groucho goes into his tango with Thelma Todd, which he does on every possible occasion. The dumb Harpo doesn't get a girl to dance with him but he tries hard enough. When every few minutes you hear an unusually loud guffaw you can know that Harpo is chasing another gal.

Reviewing Stand



THE NEW ADVENTURES OF GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD

Rating: EXCELLENT
M-G-M

Just when you had about decided that you simply didn't like William Haines along comes Willie in one of the funniest pictures of the year and you feel yourself warming up to the lad in a big way. Of course, old "Schnozzle" Durante and Ernest Torrence have a lot to do with the hilarity of this film but Haines is in rare form too. It's all about three delightful crooks and their amusing adventures with suckers. You'll like it. Leila Hyams is the femme appeal.



THE MAD GENIUS

Rating: GOOD
Warners

John Barrymore turns in another impressive performance which holds you spell-bound in your seats. It's a powerful, at times horrible picture, but it carries a big thrill. Barrymore plays the illegitimate son of a ballet dancer, born with the soul of an artist, but the body of a cripple. All his dreams of becoming a great dancer are fulfilled in a foundling whom he trains, and whose romance he wrecks, so that nothing will stand in the way of art. There's a blood-curdling climax.



THE TIP-OFF

Rating: GOOD
RKO-Pathé

A mild gangster picture which has some humorous moments that are sure to please. Eddie Quillan as a likable radio salesman gets involved in the frame-up of a prize fighter and makes a friend of the dumb cluck. He goes to a gangster's ball and runs away with the Big Boy's girl friend and after that it becomes a chase picture. Bob Armstrong as the prize fighter and Ginger Rogers, his lady love, furnish most of the humor.



LEFTOVER LADIES

Rating: GOOD
Tiffany

Here is a picture with tremendous feminine appeal adapted from a story by Ursula Parrott. Leftover Ladies are women who have sacrificed matrimony for a career and "freedom" and who find themselves losing beauty, youth and happiness in exchange for independence. Take the girl friend to this and she'll change her mind about becoming an author. The swell cast includes Marjorie Rambeau, Claudia Dell, and Alan Mowbray.



HEARTBREAK

Rating: FAIR
Fox

Here is another one of those feeble old plots which should have behaved itself and stayed in its grave instead of disturbing the peace of mind of good people. It's wartime in Vienna in 1916 (and you just know there's a waltz) and a young officer is in love with an Austrian countess. He kills her brother in battle and she says she never wants to see him again but hastily changes her mind. Charles Farrell and Madge Evans are in it.

MORE MOVIE

[Continued]



A snap shot of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and his wife Joan Crawford, which shows the same poise and charm as a studio portrait posed by a master photographer



Gloria Swanson, Ex-Marquise, and her director, Mervyn LeRoy, with the script of "Tonight or Never" and some iced tea. Yes, she is prone to differ with her director

IS IT true that Marlene "Legs" Dietrich will never make another picture in America? And after all that publicity? Goodness gracious.

BERT LEVEY, the artist-actor was commissioned by Carl Laemmle, Jr., to make a portrait of the young movie mogul, so the story goes. When Bert completed the work he brought it out to Junior, who upon looking at it said, "Why, that looks like Irving Thalberg." Levey was flustered. "Yes, I was thinking of him when I made it," Levey is reported stating. "Your mind is too prolific," said Junior, and Levey has the painting.

GARY COOPER felt all tired out after completing "His Woman" and he asked Mr. Lasky for a leave of absence from picture making. And Mr. Lasky remembered Gary's flawless five-year record and gave it to him. So the Montana-lad-who-went-New York sailed immediately on the *S.S. Augustus* whose first stop is Naples. It seems that there is a Countess Frasso on board, too. It may mean something.

MIRIAM HOPKINS who is getting some place in fast tempo in this picture business dashed to New York directly after she had finished "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" for a two weeks' vacation before shooting started on the "The Jazz King". She entertained the newspaper and magazine lads and lassies at her apartment on Waverly Place in Greenwich Village one afternoon. One snoopy writer discovered a book with the pages uncut—but as it was a naughty book 'tis just as well.

RONALD COLMAN gave an informal tea to the press the afternoon he sailed for Europe in his suite on the *S.S. Conte Grande*, and the nautical-minded press gave Mr. Colman a rousing bon voyage. (What's the idea of all the film stars sailing on the Italian line? It can't be the spaghetti.) Ronnie will have a grand vacation in Italy, France and deah old Lunnon, and will be back next year to make two more pictures for Sam Goldwyn. Goldwyn has just signed him on another five-year contract which calls for only two pictures a year. Too bad. The fans would like to see Ronnie more often than that, but he believes in quality and not quantity. His "Arrowsmith" will open on Broadway about Christmas time and the local intelligentsia are all aflutter.

P.S. Mrs. Dorothy Caruso was also on the *Conte Grande* but I don't think it means anything.

SYLVIA SIDNEY is a big girl now. The Sidney jaws started swelling on the "Ladies of the Big House" set the other day and some one yelled "mumps" and started a panic. But it happened to be a wisdom tooth and it had to be yanked out. Ouch!

THE easiest and quickest way to discover "Who Belongs to Whom in Hollywood" is to attend a premiere. At the opening of "Consolation Marriage" at the Carthay Circle, Irene Dunne, the shining star of the evening, arrived in a party that included Paul Sloane, his wife, and Leo Carillo; Dorothy Lee (in ermine and sables, my dears!) was squired by Marshall Duffield; Joan Bennett was lean-

ing on a cane and Hugh Trevor; Linda Watkins was escorted by Victor Shapiro, Mary Astor by her new husband, Dr. Franklin Thorpe, and Connie Bennett by the ever constant Marquis. Mary Brian arrived minus Russell Gleason but plus a University of California football player. Clark Gable was with the missus and was completely deluged by an onslaught of autograph hounds. And it wasn't so long ago that that Gable boy couldn't even sign a blank check!

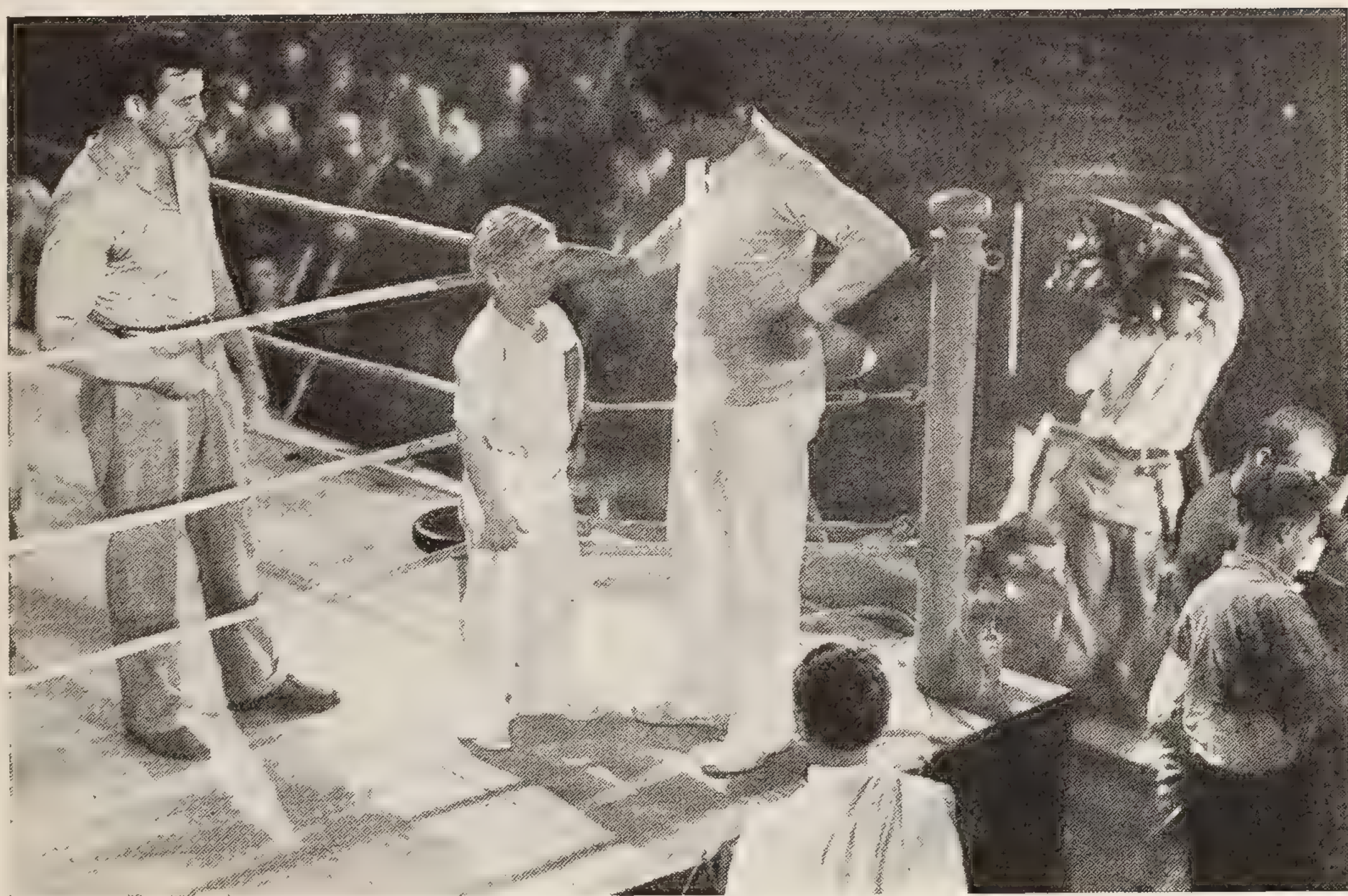
WHAT Is This Thing Called Love? Ask Ann Harding—she knows! While Ann was visiting friends in Westport, Connecticut, recently she happened to mention in one of her letters to Harry (Husband) Bannister that the only thing from the East that she missed in California were pepper trees.

A few days later she returned home to find two enormous pepper trees in her garden. Harry had them transported from the East and transplanted as a welcome home surprise for Ann. Wonder what would have happened if Ann had written she missed the Empire State Building?

EDDIE QUILLAN and Maureen O'Sullivan may take a trip to the altar. Eddie is sweet on the Irish Colleen, and they pal together. But Eddie had better keep an eye on John Warburton, who is playing opposite Maureen in "Thirty Days". We glimpsed the two holding hands on the studio lot, and looking "that way" at each other. But they may have only been rehearsing a scene, Eddie! Tweet tweet!

TOWN TOPICS

from page 17]



Man at Work. Jackie Cooper considers a suggestion from Director King Vidor with regard to the nuances of a scene in "The Champ"

DID you know that Paramount operates a completely-equipped printing plant in its Hollywood studios? Any newspaper in the world can be reproduced there, and any type of sub-title created. Former newspaper reporters prepare the "stories" and headings which are used during the acting of various film stories.

THAT illustrious lady of the stage, Jane Cowl, is having a grand time in Hollywood renewing friendships with all the ex-Broadwayites, and learning how pictures are made. She is quite often seen (and heard) on the sidelines at the different studios where "shooting" is going on. All of which brings to mind that delightful Barrymore anecdote. Have you heard it?

It seems that when the Crown Prince of the Royal Family of Barrymores was appearing on Broadway in the stage production of "Hamlet", Jane Cowl occupied a stage box at one of the matinee performances. It is quite a well known fact that Miss Cowl, on all her excursions into the public limelight, is not only seen but heard—and this particular afternoon proved no exception to the rule.

John Barrymore hadn't been on the stage five minutes when he knew Jane Cowl was in the audience. But he didn't acknowledge her presence until the end of the performance, when in making his customary curtain speech, he bowed in the direction of Miss Cowl's box and said, "And in conclusion, may I take this opportunity to thank Miss Jane Cowl for the privilege of co-starring with her this afternoon?"

SYLVIA, the erstwhile star thumper (masseuse to you on Park Avenue) of Hollywood, has brought out a book. She tells all—and are the stars burning!

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER, holder of many world records for swimming events, has been selected by M-G-M for the rôle of *Tarzan* in the revival of the Edgar Rice Burrough's African adventure stories. Remember the creepy thrills you used to get out of the silent *Tarzan* episodes? The choice of Weissmuller for this part followed a series of exhaustive tests to find some one with a perfect physique whose other qualifications were also up to the desired standard. Goodness knows the Weissmuller physique in a bathing suit is well known to every one who has followed sports these last few years.

EVELYN ROSETTA ASTHER, the International Baby, has been tendered a gold membership card by the Breakfast Club of Hollywood. She is the Club's youngest member to date and is moreover the most talked-of baby in America. She is known as the International Baby because she was born in Bavaria of a Swedish father and an American mother and three countries, including Germany, claimed her as their citizen. She was admitted under a visitor's passport after several months of wrangling, and caught her first glimpse of papa Nils upon her seven-months' birthday. Papa Nils Asther is appearing next in "The Cardboard Lover". Mama Vivian Duncan Asther has just been ordered by the Court to pay party damages to Gertrude Astor.



Elissa Landi, Fox star, goes home to London for a vacation and tells her mother all about being a Hollywood beauty. The Countess Landi seems to be a proud mother

HOWARD HUGHES spent seventy-five thousand dollars building a steam motor car. When his mechanics said it was finished he had it tried out. It blew up and seventy-five thousand went into the Hollywood ozone. Mister, can I have a nickel for a cup of coffee?

HELEN TWELVETREES insists that she is not superstitious, but she never fails to wear an old pair of shoes the first day of every production. And she was quite happy over finding a shiny pin the day she started work on "Second Shot". "Now, I know everything will go right," she asserted. No, she isn't superstitious.

IN THE city that has no heart—Hollywood, Edgar Lewis, seven years ago earning \$1,500 a week as a director now earns four dollars a day as an extra man. Jerome Storm, director of the Charlie Ray success, is a property man at the Hal Roach studios. Ella Hall, Universal serial star, works in a Hollywood drug-store at twenty per week. John Ince, brother of Thomas Ince, who used to direct for Metro, glad now to get extra work.

Florence Turner, First Lady of the screen, can be found in the extra ranks. An extra . . . this first queen of the movies.

A SHIPMENT of \$1,000,000 has just arrived at the Paramount Hollywood studios and is being stored in the vaults for future use in pictures. It is "stage money". Uncle Sam won't let anyone photograph real money.

[Continued on page 61]

A Broken Back and a Stiff Upper Lip

*Little Evalyn Knapp Is Up Again
and On Her Way to Stardom*

By George M. Thomas

THE slender, blue-eyed Kansas City girl who stepped into Dorothy Mackaill's rôle in "River's End" at the eleventh hour to astonish studio officials by her remarkable dramatic performance, and whose portrayal of George Arliss' daughter in "The Millionaire" was termed sensational, has now in turn, amazed the medical fraternity of Hollywood.

They call Evalyn Knapp "the miracle girl".

Two months ago they doubted if she would ever walk again.

A month ago they thought that if she ever did walk, it would not be for at least six months.

Today she is walking—with the aid of her nurse but nevertheless she is walking. And as this is written, it is just eight weeks since she fell over a cliff in the Hollywood hills and was carried to the hospital, her back so badly injured that surgeons feared it might be broken beyond repair.

It was on a Sunday, exactly eight weeks from the day of her fall, that Evalyn was permitted to sit up for her first meal out of bed. And it was the first time that she talked at length on her tragic experience—but as she talked she smiled that wistful, but happy smile that has endeared her to thousands of film fans.

In a Spanish apartment on a side street in Hollywood, with the afternoon sun streaming in through three huge French doors, Evalyn sat where she could see the automobiles passing in the street below.

"It looks like a different world when you see it from this angle," Evalyn said. "After weeks of looking at nothing, but the ceiling of a hospital room, this is heaven."

"The accident seems a good deal like a dream now,"



When Evalyn lay for weeks in the hospital the future looked black indeed, but now it is all shined up again

she continued. "No matter how long I live, I will never forget the few minutes I was there on the rock, with the hot sun shining in my face and waiting for hours—it seemed—for my brother Stanley to bring help to me.

"I can well believe the stories they tell about what a drowning person thinks of in a few seconds, or the mental pictures seen by a person falling from a tall building. I did more thinking in that half hour than I ever did in a similar period in all my life. I tried to calm myself, after the panic of the first few seconds, when I was

falling, and tried to make myself realize that I really couldn't be seriously injured.

"And I really think this helped me, too, because Stanley hadn't run more than a mile until he found a Hollywood police radio car. The policemen who came to my aid knew just how to move me—otherwise, the doctors said, the injury would have been much worse—in fact, might have been irreparable.

"So I honestly believe that I really helped myself as I lay there in the sun, with that rock almost breaking my back, and my face swelling from the blow when I knocked my knee against my chin."

As she fell, Evalyn's knee hit her chin, driving her teeth clear through her lower lip. This has now entirely healed, there being no trace whatever of a scar.

"When I got to the hospital I found that the first seven days were the worst," she continued. "I really didn't have any fun at all. After the first week it wasn't quite so bad, although they loaded me down with bags of sand each night, [Continued on page 71]

WARREN
WILLIAM

HE IS very like John Barrymore but with a distinct personality of his own. There is a strength and swagger to him that carried "The Honor of the Family" safely to a very dramatic goal. Warren has the slow tempo of the experienced player. When he appears in "The Captain's Wife", which will be the first picture Lil Dagover will make for First National, you will see a scholarly performance and will feel the drama of his pauses





HURRELL

THERE has never been a Karen before on the screen; Joans, yes, Gretas, dozens, but Karen starts her own private cult. Nicely started too, with a small bit here in "Inspiration" and a little bit there with Helen Hayes in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet". Karen is slim and lovely and she got the picture atmosphere when she was in the University of California at Los Angeles. She broke in by reading Garbo's lines while the director was testing applicants. But it was all the same with Karen

KAREN
MORLEY



HAL PHYFE

MINNA
GOMBEL

WHAT a friend to have! If you saw "Bad Girl" you will remember Minna Gombel as the worldly and loyal friend of Sally Eilers. While James Dunn and Sally received the flowers and cheers, Minna had a very big share in putting this hit picture over into the "Outstanding Success" column. She is a Broadway legit lady and how she is going in Hollywood! She has finished "Good Sport" and "Rainbow Trail" and in "After Tomorrow" she is to be the featured leading lady, as she deserves



FRANK ALBERTSON

TIME was when an actor advertised his genius with spats and sticks, chokers and stocks and other sartorial splendors. Frank Albertson is a product of a different school of thought. He was a prop boy at Fox, then some small parts in the silents (one with O'Brien) and then he broke through in talking parts and is now in "Other People's Business" for R.K.O. The "props" are all for Frank



HURRELL

RAMON NOVARRO

WHEN M-G-M took the notion to put more than one star in a picture, Greta Garbo was selected to be Ramon Novarro's leading woman, or Ramon was selected to be Greta's leading man. Anyway, Ramon is envied by all the other men on the lot and he had to get a dog to protect him as he goes to and fro while making "Mata Hari". He is a chile con carne enthusiast; Ramon—not the hound

Leap Year



INA CLAIRE wearing a mink coat. This is not a Chanel model, but the aristocratic charm of its proportions was selected by Miss Claire for her wardrobe in "The Greeks Had a Word for It"



INA CLAIRE in a Chanel wedding gown showing the tastefully designed cream-colored roses which also form the cap of the wedding veil



AN unusual evening wrap designed by Chanel for Ina Claire to wear in the forthcoming Sam Goldwyn production. It is of eggshell velvet trimmed with blended fitch. Perhaps, a large measure of the grace of the wrap is Ina Claire's nonchalant pose

Ladies



EXANDER

INA CLAIRE in profile, and in a hat admirably suited to show the piquant charm of an up-tilted nose. Chanel designed this hat for Ina using black velour with a velvet bow in front

A BEIGE satin afternoon dress of youthful and simple lines. The material is used on the bias with true Chanel originality. The dress is form-fitting and finishes in a soft bow at the neckline. The flat beaded bag, moire shoes, and velour feather-trimmed hat are a tone darker than the dress. Evidently, the stylish Greeks Had a Dress for It



THE complete wedding gown which ends in a long sectional train. The belt at the waistline is characteristically Chanel. It is of the same material as the gown and is knotted on the side. This is the dress that Ina Claire did not wear when divorced from John Gilbert



ROBERT MONTGOMERY and UNA MERKEL

THIS is really an off stage picture. Montgomery did not have to be so attentive, but you know these great actors have to keep in the atmosphere, and Una is sufficient excuse. In "Private Lives", Norma Shearer's new picture, Bob and Una are bride and groom and a handsome couple. Una is our favorite comedienne and this seems like a tough spot for her



Robert Montgomery

TELLS HIS

LIFE STORY

to

Marquis

Busby

The Montgomery family (the baby is all well again) are on their way to a great, big, brilliant future

I BELIEVE I said before that Alice in Wonderland was an old timer compared to the Robert Montgomery who arrived in Hollywood two years ago. I had never seen the place before. My other trip to Los Angeles was on an oil freighter, and all I saw of the city was a view from the harbor. Los Angeles harbor is a good many miles from Hollywood, and I had never seen the town where the movies came from. I thought it was utterly mad and impossible at first. I hated the place, and wondered what on earth had possessed me to give up a good job in New York and cross the continent for such an uncertain thing as a picture career.

M-G-M didn't waste much time in putting me to work. I was cast immediately for "So This Is College". Elliot Nugent was in it, too. He didn't think much of pictures then, either. I had met him casually in New York. We became the best of friends while we were working on that picture. We still are, as a matter of fact. We had a grand time feeling superior to the entire motion picture business, and we must have been about as popular with the studio as an epidemic of scarlet fever.

My first "call-down" came when I arrived an hour late at the studio. I was delayed at home with a long distance call from New York. A member of the family was seriously ill, and I didn't want to leave the house until that call had been put through to New York. I had tried to call the stage where we were working at the studio, and there was no answer. I was too new to the game to know that I should have telephoned the production office.

Well, I knew that storm clouds were about to break

the minute I walked on the set. You could fairly hear thunder in the air. Such a lacing as I received. I stood just so much of it.

"I don't have to listen to any such conversation," I said. "I'm accustomed to dealing with gentlemen. Good day."

You know that line about fools rushing in. I started for the door. The fellow who had been hauling me over the coals looked as if he had been struck by lightning. I was doing an unheard of thing, and I suppose he thought that I was stark, staring mad.

Of course, I'm not bragging about this. I just didn't know any better then. I do now. We patched up our difficulties but Elliot and I caused the director at least one more very disagreeable evening.

We were told to report out on the back lot one evening for the bon-fire sequences in "So This Is College". We sat around for hours and it seemed to us that we were being treated very badly—both "unjust and lousy conduct"—as the flapper says. Without saying another word we drove over to Elliot's house. Two hours later the studio reached us. They had called every place but the dog pond and the local home for the aged. We were holding up production, and they wanted us on the set right at that moment. Our game of "hookey" was costing the studio thousands of dollars.

Back to the studio we drove, and sat around for another hour. Again we started out, but this time the director had fixed things. The studio gates were closed and locked. But, anyway, we did do the scene *immediately* after that. No one was taking chances. Perhaps they thought we might climb the fence like a couple of schoolboys.

It all seems very childish, that procedure, now. I was completely unfamiliar with the motion picture business. I didn't know that patience is one of the first things a picture actor has to learn. You don't know about such waiting around as that on the stage. It seemed inconsiderate to me. I repeat that I know better now.

There was nothing unusually exciting about my two next pictures, "Three Wise Fools", and "Untamed". The latter picture, in which I appeared opposite Joan Crawford, did help me a lot. I liked my rôle in "The Big House", but my best break came in "Strangers May Kiss", with Norma Shearer.

I think I like that picture [Continued on page 74]

The EX-WIFE who went BACK to GIRLHOOD

*Loretta Young is Eager
for Life and Love But
Not That One*

NOT even the memory of an "impetuous marriage," now labeled a mistake, can rob Loretta of the opinion that being a motion picture celebrity is great fun; more fun in fact than being the valedictorian of a high school class. If there be those who sigh over Loretta's loss of all the little thrills of young girlhood, they should keep their regrets to themselves. Loretta does not need their sympathy—at least not yet.

Loretta Young is known about Hollywood as the girl who grew up over-night. A long-legged, somewhat awkward, gangling girl became an amazingly attractive young woman, looking much older than she really was, almost between week-ends. The stories of her "discovery" are essentially true, but it was not a surprise discovery. Loretta, then known as Gretchen, was brought up with the idea of spending her life and her talents on stage or screen. She had been groomed for the part from the age of five.

By the simple expedient of moving back to her mother's comfortable but not ostentatious home in Los Angeles, Loretta announced to the world, some months ago, that her marriage to Grant Withers was an experiment which had failed. It was from this home that she eloped twice with Grant, once for an airplane trip which ended in marriage in Yuma, Arizona; once, two days later, also with Grant, to their Hollywood apartment, thereby putting a quietus on her mother's insistence that the marriage be annulled.

Sobered a little but not altogether chastened by this experience, Loretta has resumed her old standing in the household, a household tremendously popular with Hollywood's younger set, due to the presence there of two attractive unmarried sisters, Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young. Now Loretta, too, has joined their gayety and is seen occasionally

with various escorts at her old haunts, the Coconut Grove and the Roosevelt Blossom Room. It is all very much as it was before that marriage.

Loretta is a
slim little
thing starting
life over





Arline Judge then became Mrs. Wesley Ruggles. Find the following persons, Adela Rogers St. John, Al Hall, Mrs. Grace Oram, Wesley Ruggles, Arline Judge, Charles Ruggles, Leila Hyams, Skeets Gallagher and in the rear, Buster Collier and Dick Hyland

MORE MOVIE TOWN TOPICS

[Continued from page 49]

MAURICE COSTELLO hasn't had a job in a year and Francis X. Bushman, whose fan mail once led all the rest, isn't even recognized by the casting directors when he applies for a job as an extra. Such is fame.

BASIL RATHBONE set some kind of record when he went into rehearsal as Pola Negri's leading man in "The Woman Commands" one hour after his arrival in Hollywood. Laurence Olivier was cast for the rôle and was taken ill just before production began. Rathbone was selected for the part. He left New York immediately for the coast, learned his part on the way out, and went from the station direct to the studios and started to work as soon as he arrived.

JOHN GILBERT told a London newspaper reporter that he has been in pictures for seventeen years and is willing to retire and give the other fellow a chance to get his. John has done right well by himself in a monetary way. Leatrice Joy, John's second wife and mother of his little girl, has recently announced that she too is retiring from pictures to settle down and be a good wife. William Spencer Hook is her new husband.

HOWARD HUGHES, millionaire oil man and producer of "Hell's Angels", "The Racket", "Front Page", and other pictures is a lover of the saxophone. His pet hobby is playing it, and when he lived at the Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles, he had a special sound-proof room built in his suite so that when he played he didn't annoy the other guests.

Howard is an eccentric chap. He has seven telephones in his private office at the studio, each one a direct line to some part of the United States. Even in his "rest room" he has four. Now can you imagine his monthly telephone bill?

And he has eleven times the wrong number calls. Excuse it, Howard.

HELEN HAYES says she likes everything about Hollywood but the hours. This getting up at six-thirty in the A.M. and staying on the lot until ten or eleven in the P.M. is not exactly her idea of a good time. Her ambition, she declares, is to play in a picture with Garbo for every day when five o'clock comes around the Great One says, "Olga, my hat. Garbo go home." And goes home she does. But just let any one else try that.

AND now it is Bing Crosby that the gals are going nuts over. And I must say it's a great relief to have a good male baritone after that deluge of crooners. Mack Sennett is producing a group of comedies featuring Bing Crosby for Educational in which Bing proves that he has quite a flair for comedy as well as for vocal chords. If you are the kind of a girl who likes nice things you will simply adore the way Bing sings "Just One More Chance" and "Sweet and Lovely".

CONNIE BENNETT had a birthday in October—the twenty-seventh. Director Ned Griffith and the cast of "The Lady with a Past" gave her a birthday party on the Pathé lot. There was a cake and flowers and many happy returns (and there probably will be). Connie was sporting a gorgeous ruby and diamond bracelet for the first time that day, and you don't have to strain your grey matter to know from whom it came.

UNCLE JOHN and Uncle Lionel Barrymore will soon be sharing their screen glory with another generation of Barrymores, for young Samuel Barrymore Colt, Ethel's son, has been signed by Paramount. Samuel recently finished his official education at Brown and is all ready now to tackle Life. He refuses to trade on the Barrymore name and insists upon being known as Samuel Colt.



This passion for realism is, in the opinion of ZaSu Pitts, being carried too far, so far in fact that her director had to rescue her from what appears to be Hollywood's version of Sir Hubert Wilkins' sub

"CUTE~"

By
Nancy North Vine

Helen Chandler Is Not So Small But Happiness Has Found Her

HELEN CHANDLER is not much over five feet tall. She couldn't possibly weigh an ounce over a hundred pounds. Her eyes are blue and childlike, and her pixie face is framed with a halo of wavy yellow hair. She's just the most delicate, demure little person imaginable.

She was born twenty-two brief years ago in New York City, "which really was a mistake," she says, "because our home was always in Charleston." Her parents, both non-professionals, were well-to-do, and for a while Helen's life was like that of any other child. She went to school, played games, made doll clothes and did all the things that other children do.

But not for long. There was something in Helen then as now that would not let her be content with an ordinary existence. She yearned intensely to go on the stage, accepting no reason why she should wait until she was old and grown-up before beginning her career. Her parents gave in. And so Helen's life became a dual one at an early age, for she was just eight years old when she made her stage debut, in Shaw's "Major Barbara."

After that, while she managed somehow to keep one side of her life like that of other girls, even to attending the exclusive Miss Bennett's School at Millbrook, N. Y., she was at the same time carving out a career in such excellent plays as "The Wild Duck," "Mr. Pim Passes By," "Hamlet," in which she played Ophelia, and "The Silver Cord." Much of her training was received under the invaluable tutelage of the New York Theatre Guild.

Two years ago, when Helen was still only nineteen, the Fox studio recognized her stage success by giving her her first motion picture contract. Shortly afterward she added another phase to her already full life by becoming the bride of Cyril Hume, the novelist. A whirlwind courtship, a glamorous honeymoon at Spanish Ensenada, by the sea, and then Helen returned to her career.

This person is a wide-eyed little girl with long yellow hair tied up in a narrow blue ribbon. Bare legs flying around in short woolly socks and childish, flat-heeled shoes. Gay knitted sweaters and short flannel skirts, often wrinkled when Helen lies for hours on her tummy



She's in "Fanny Foley Herself" and she's the littlest step-mother in Hollywood

in the sand at Santa Monica, scribbling poetry with a stubby pencil and staring dreamily at the sea. Although she has already published one thin volume of verse, she writes, not because she wants to become a famous poetess or to "steal her husband's stuff," but because she just can't help it.

Meeting Helen Chandler as Mrs. Cyril Hume, you'd never know the pensive little girl you met yesterday at the beach.

When she became Mrs. Hume, tiny Helen Chandler also became the step-mother of cunning five year old Barbara Hume who embarrasses her delightfully by boasting to all who will listen that "Helen is a movie actress, isn't that lovely?" Helen in a mother rôle seems a paradox, she is such a child herself, but the two adore each other, and Barbara's most ecstatic moments come when Helen

can take her to the studio, to sit quiet as a mouse watching her favorite actress go through her scenes.

The Cyril Humes live in a picturesque home high up in the Hollywood Hills. Each evening Helen curls up in a window seat to watch the lights come on in the city below. A lover both of the mountains and the sea, she has found an admirable compromise by living there in the winter, and at the beach in summer.

Professionally Helen Chandler is going straight from picture to picture with no in-between vacations, calling no studio home because one day it is Warners, the next Universal, the next Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and so on down the list. Always, however, her rôles have something in common. She has cornered the market on the fragile, poetic ladies that men so love to fight for, perhaps because she is old-fashioned enough to be a clinging vine at the same time she is leading three modern lives.

She considers "Daybreak," with Ramon Novarro, and "Salvation Nell," by far the best she has done but still they fall short of the rôle that she wishes sometime to play. And small wonder. Her dearest dream, you see, is to bring "Alice in Wonderland" to the screen.

Motion picture actress, dignified wife, and little girl dreaming in the sand, Helen Chandler seems without a care in the world. She is a living answer to the eternal problem of Marriage versus Career.

Help this perplexed bride.. and

Qualify for the opportunity to

Win \$4250⁰⁰.....

● Poor Betty. What a perplexed bride she is. She has broken two plates of the expensive antique China set Aunt May gave them for a wedding present ... Now she receives this wire from Aunt May—"Arrive Thursday 9 a.m."—just two days hence... Poor Betty, how she has tried and tried to match the set with no luck... But wait... Maybe here's luck at last!... In the store window shown here, so she's been told, are two IDENTICAL TWIN plates that match Aunt May's antique gift set... Help poor Betty find the Identical Twin Plates... Be careful... many plates look alike—but ONLY TWO plates are exactly alike in size, shape and design. Can you find them? It will cost you nothing to try for the \$10,000.00 worth of prizes to be given in our booster advertising prize distribution. Prizes awarded according to participants' standings upon Judges' final decision. If you can find the twin plates, send the numbers with your name and address. First prize is \$4250.00 cash or, if winner prefers, a brand new 100 h. p. airplane, with \$750.00 given extra for promptness. Everybody rewarded for productive endeavor. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. No prize less than \$25.00. Solutions will not be accepted from persons living in Chicago or outside the U.S.A. Think what you could do with \$4250.00 right now... get the \$750.00 Extra Promptness Prize... rush your answer to me NOW...



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for being Prompt

"Pale Hands I Loved"

[Continued from page 6]

pushed out with an orange stick. Never put a sharp edge under your nails to clean them—it only plows a deeper trough for more dirt.

While I seldom advocate a cover-up method I make this one exception—use nail-white under a soiled nail if you can't clean it without digging and scratching, in the meanwhile treating the skin, as I have just suggested, to smooth it. Never go to bed without putting lotion or cream on your hands and working it well in around the nails. Pinch the ends of your fingers to encourage a tapering line.

One of the nicest things you can do for your hands is to stop worrying. I can hear you saying, "What in the world does that have to do with my hands?" The answer is, "Plenty." Worry ties up your nerves and tense nerves tie up the muscles and tense muscles tie up your circulation—AND when circulation is impaired, the extremities (the hands and feet) are the first parts of the body to suffer. That is why the hands age first—a woman's hands will usually indicate her age more accurately than her face. So don't put worry in the way of a good circulation—but encourage it by exercise and a relaxed frame of mind.

Exercise for the hands and arms will not only help to keep them young and firm but it lends grace to their movements. Nothing creates an effect of beauty more

than graceful and expressive gestures.

Roll your hands around on the wrists, at the same time moving the arms in larger and larger circles. Now reverse the direction of the turning. Hold them out at arm's length and shake them vigorously.

Over-red hands indicate poor circulation as much as do over-pale hands. Exercise will keep the blood moving away from the hands as well as into them.

To drain the blood from the hands hold them well up over your head for several minutes.

Never scrub the flesh on the hands with a nail-brush. It is too stiff, will irritate a tender skin, and coarsen the pores. Never keep your hands in water that is too hot.

The hands are much more sensitive than we suppose, for they are really our principal contact with the world (with the exception of the eyes). And how often are our opinions of people dictated by their hand-shake. A hand-shake gives us knowledge of a person's physical and nervous energy as well as an impression of his character.

Of course, a great many people have so trained themselves in a firm and friendly hand-shake, that we can be pleasantly deceived by them. But I would rather know I was being deceived than to have a man or a woman hand me a cold, damp, limp hand to shake. It makes me feel positively creepy. Neither am I complimented when

some over-zealous male crushes my fingers painfully in what he supposes is an indication of his enthusiasm.

To shake or not to shake is quite a question these modern days—and the tendency is away from it among women. Never refuse a hand, of course, but never offer yours unless there seems to be a real reason for it. A bow and a warm smile can be very welcoming and inclusive—whereas some women clasp their hands and bow stiffly as though afraid that if they touched you they would be contaminated by some germ.

It isn't what we do but how we do it—always—and this refers to the use of colored polishes on the nails. The exotic type of brunettes and a few blondes can wear that blood red and get away with it. On most of us it is as shocking as if we had rings in our noses. There is something barbaric about it and if you haven't a bit of that in your make-up don't use it. A few, but not many, of the smartest women use it. One sees a lot of colorless polish in the swanky places. Pale and natural colors seem to harmonize with the classic trend in clothes and the fashionable "natural effect" in faces. Be very lady-like and dainty this year if you want to breathe the very last word in style. Tone down, bleach out, soften up—be graceful, be sweet and womanly, and you will be positively ultra-fashionable.

Hollywood in a Hurry

[Continued from page 35]

Lilyan Tashman undertook to play Peggy Shannon's mother in "The Road to Reno", a number of scenes had been filmed before the director decided she looked too young for the rôle. Test shots were made of the two together and were rushed through the developing tanks. When they were flashed on the screen in a studio projection room, the director's fears were justified. The studio make-up artist was called and within ten hours a silver-white wig, fitted perfectly to Miss Tashman's head and adding several years to her appearance, was delivered on the set.

Even radios are resorted to in emergencies. When Joan Bennett completed "Hush Money", she left Hollywood for parts unknown, intent on a rest. Two days later the company discovered that a technical error demanded re-takes of several scenes and a hurry call was entered for Miss Bennett but she could not be found. An enterprising casting director bought time on a radio broadcasting program and at regular intervals an S. O. S. was sent out over the air. Within three hours the star responded from a tiny mountain resort and the next morning she arrived on the set in make-up.

Genevieve Tobin reached Hollywood two days before her first picture, "A

Lady Surrenders", went into production. She had just forty-eight hours in which to fit an entire wardrobe, make tests and learn her part. The studio wardrobe department worked frantically to design and make her complete outfit of suits, gowns, undies and accessories. Tests were photographed hurriedly and rushed through the developing tanks but when Miss Tobin and officials of the company looked at them, they were horror-stricken to discover that her hair, which is a natural reddish gold in color, photographed dark. The part demanded a blonde.

She was rushed *post haste* to a beauty parlor, where strong potions of peroxide, ammonia and white henna were applied. An expert hair dresser spent several hours with Miss Tobin, taking every precaution to prevent the hair from bleaching dead white or burning. As she sat in the beauty parlor chair, the actress studied her lines and even had her lunch served. Next morning, two days after her arrival from New York, she stepped on the studio set a blonde, possessed of an entire new wardrobe, and letter perfect in her lines.

Robert Montgomery and Dorothy Jordan knew as little about golf as they do about Mars when they learned they had to play in "Love in the Rough". Willie

Low, a professional whose services have been demanded many times by the studios, was assigned the task of teaching them how to make at least half decent golfing strokes in twenty-four hours. Low took his pupils to a practice range and stationed one on each side of him. For seven hours, with periodic rests, he patiently instructed and corrected until both players mastered the rudimentary motions of golf strokes. Expert golfers who saw the picture wrote to both Montgomery and Miss Jordan and complimented them on their correct form.

Never a day passes in Hollywood that at least a few sudden orders don't throw the studios into an uproar. Marie Prevost took off ten pounds in five days in order to play in Joan Crawford's picture, "Paid". She did it by eating one meal a day, drinking a single cup of black coffee and refraining from starches, sweets and meats. Prominent Hollywood tailors advertise twenty-four hour service for actors who must have suits made hurriedly for screen rôles.

In Hollywood they have eliminated delay. Fat today, thin tomorrow, blonde, bald, or what-not, there is no waiting. "The bird of time has but a little way to flutter.

"And the bird is on the wing."

Name This Girl

Win \$1500.00!

CO-ED, INCORPORATED, will pay \$1,000.00 cash just for a girl's name—and \$500.00 extra for sending it quick. We want a name that will properly describe America's most beautiful college girl—one of those attractive, lively co-eds that you see at every college and high school. There is nothing to buy or sell in order to win this \$1,500.00 and you will not be required to do anything else but send a name. This big prize will be given just to find the right name for a lovely young lady who will sponsor a beautiful nation wide radio program we contemplate for this winter.

Send Your Favorite Name

What girl's name do you like best? In fact, what name are you thinking of right now? Maybe it's just the one to win this \$1,500.00. Don't bother trying to think up fancy names—just such an ordinary name as Betty Allen, Nancy Lee, Mary Lynn, etc., may win. Better send the one you are thinking of right away!

\$500.00 for MAILING IT QUICK

Yes, \$500.00 cash or, if preferred, a beautiful new FORD TUDOR SEDAN will be added to the \$1,000.00 prize if the name is sent within three days from the time this announcement is read. So, send your suggestion TODAY! Take no risk of losing that \$500.00 EXTRA which is to be won so easily—just for being prompt.

Nothing Else To Do

Certainly this \$1,500.00 prize is worth trying for, especially when it costs you only a 2c stamp and an envelope. There is nothing else to do—nothing to buy—nothing to sell—no coupons to clip. This \$1,500.00 Cash can be yours just for sending the winning name within three days after reading this announcement. CO-ED, Incorporated, wants you to send your suggestion at once . . . no matter how simple or plain it may be. The very name you send may be the one they are seeking and if you could imagine the thrill of receiving a telegram stating that you won this \$1,500.00 prize just for sending a girl's name, you would lose no time in mailing your suggestion at once. You will receive an immediate acknowledgment by letter and at the same time, we will have a big surprise for you in the form of another prize offer through which you can win as much as \$4,000.00 more. So, DON'T WAIT . . . DON'T DELAY! . . . mail this coupon today.

FREE SAMPLE CO-ED Face Powder

Send your name suggestion within three days and we will send you a Free Sample of lovely CO-ED face powder De Luxe with our reply.

RULES: This offer is open to anyone living in the U. S. A., outside of Chicago, Illinois, except employees of CO-ED, Incorporated, and their families and closes midnight, February 29, 1932. All answers must be mailed on or before that date. Each person may submit only one name, sending more than one will disqualify all entries for that individual. \$1,000.00 will be paid to the person submitting the name chosen by CO-ED, Incorporated. An additional \$500.00 cash or a Ford Tudor Sedan will be given to the prize winner, providing the winning name was mailed within three days from the time the announcement was read. Duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties.

MAIL THE NAME YOU SUGGEST ON THIS COUPON

A. S. WEILBY,

CO-ED, Inc., 4619 E. Ravenswood Ave., Dept. 309, Chicago, Ill.

The name I suggest for America's most beautiful college girl is:

Date I read this announcement _____

My Name is _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Be sure to fill in the date you read this announcement

CO-ED, INC., 4619 E. Ravenswood Ave., Dept. 309, CHICAGO, ILL.



Columbia is making a film "Blonde Baby" for which Jean Harlow is the inspiration and, of course, the star. Marie Prevost, Natalie Moorhead, and Mae Clarke are also upholding the Columbia standard

"Yo Ho! For a Six Months' Vacation"

[Continued from page 21]

Once when Ronny was in New York he was to have been interviewed by a member of the alert press. Before the appointment he thought he'd take a brisk walk through Central Park so as to be in a sparring condition when the interviewer arrived. It was one of those glary, yet cool days of September, so Ronny put on slightly smoked glasses to protect his eyes, and wore a cap because he felt like wearing a cap.

When he returned from his short tramp he entered the room where the writer awaited him, still wearing the cap and glasses. The interview was cordial and friendly but when the story finally appeared it raved about the "male Garbo", who avoided people by the device of smoked glasses and wore clothes that would disguise his appearance.

Many a Hollywood tongue-wagger has strained her eyes or stretched one of those famous, Hollywood, elastic ears, to catch a morsel about Ronny. But they don't get anything.

The truth, of course, is that Colman has women friends, but he doesn't parade them at the Brown Derby and he doesn't dance them at the Cocoanut Grove so that all the college sophomores can tell their friends.

And another human trait is that he's normal in the studio. It seems that a tradition has grown up among actors that in order to make a good picture they have to be chummy with everybody in sight on the lot. This makes players who otherwise are almost sane people, fall all over

themselves in goodness and good fellowship toward their fellow workers.

The custom is, in most instances, such a hypocritical one as to be laughable. For example, the theory is that if you're not kind to the electricians and property men they're more than likely to misplace a light or hold up production enough to spoil your part in a picture. Stars who don't condescend to talk to their third string servants at home make a practise of being palsy-walsy with the third assistant mop slinger on the lot because, they believe, this will make their film better. As a result the cameraderie is nauseating and holds up production instead of speeding it.

Ronny makes no such concessions on the lot. During his two last productions, "The Unholy Garden" and "Arrow-smith", he minded his own business so successfully and so completely that that was the one trait the men around him admired most. He keeps his own distance, has his own circle of intelligent friends and doesn't kowtow to the syndicate writers, for which the whole movie colony can very well stand up on its hind legs and give three lusty cheers.

Ronny's sense of humor is distinguished and acrid in a nice way. He doesn't do things like electrifying chairs to watch his guests get the shock of their lives; he doesn't call people to the phone at four in the morning to ask them what time it is; he doesn't drive to a premiere in a battered Ford and tell the doorman that he can have the car as a tip. (These are some of

the stunts actually carried out by those alleged Hollywood wits). An example of Colman's sense of humor is the following:

It was during the shooting of a lengthy and rather difficult piece of business in "The Unholy Garden". The set was an Arabian street in which camels, dogs, pigs, sheep and humans came and went in the leisurely manner of the East.

Ronny had a very long speech to make with additional speeches to follow by Estelle Taylor and Fay Wray. Director George Fitzmaurice wasn't quite satisfied with the way things were getting along and ordered the scene shot over and over again.

After half an hour the sequence had been cut and recut and rearranged so many times the players were confused in their parts. For five minutes Ronny had mixed his speeches so, due to the new order, that he gave up a moment later in exasperation.

Finally, Fitzmaurice called for a rehearsal and the cast assembled within the confines of the set. The director asked if they were all sure of their lines, and they all nodded assent.

"All right, then, let's hear it."

Everything went fine for a few moments and then Ronny tangled his lines. He stopped and sat down.

Just at that moment a sheep from the nearby street herd raised its head and gave off a long "Beh-eh-eh-eh-eh!"

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed Ronny in evident relief. "At least one of us is sure of his lines!"

Announcement to the Scrambled Stills Contestants

Owing to the difficulties of selecting, comparing and rating the many entries in the SILVER SCREEN Scrambled Stills Contest, it has been impossible to make award of the prizes in time to include the names of the winners in this issue of the magazine.

Trusting that the delay will be understood as evidence of the care and time which is being spent in the judging, we wish to thank the contestants for their patience and to promise an early announcement.

The Scrambled Stills Editors

*You whose children
have food this Yuletide
Give unto those
who are starving*

Scent of holly in the air . . . a gay tree brimming with holiday blessings . . . perfume from the kitchen where a generous Christmas dinner is being readied by you and yours . . . and a mother, her happy, healthy children in her arms, looking out upon the serene night, in which celestial candles gleam and glitter. Home . . . sanctuary . . . gifts . . . food . . . protection.

During good times or bad, the average American home manages to approach the Yuletide season with joyous anticipation. And the sympathetic urge to help those who are less fortunate, is, always, a national characteristic.

But today . . . the need for "having a heart" is more tragic, more urgent, more terrifyingly necessary, than ever in the world's history. American children and children of many nations, are STARVING. As the facts accumulate, this situation might well cause us to shudder with horror . . . "Starving Children" . . . not a pleasant thought!

What a beautiful thing it will be for YOU, this Yuletide, to give, if but modestly, to these tiny sufferers to whom even a crust of dry bread will come as a blessing. "GOLDEN RULE WEEK" is a constructive opportunity in this direction. The long arm of its vast charity reaches out and finds these hungry youngsters . . . feeds them. You will do YOUR share, we know.

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"GOLDEN RULE WEEK"

DECEMBER
13-20

The donor may designate his gift for any philanthropy in which he is especially interested and one hundred cents of every dollar will go as designated—none for expenses.

Undesignated gifts will be allocated by the Survey Committee after careful investigation to meet the most acute needs through the most efficient agencies.

THE GOLDEN RULE FOUNDATION
Lincoln Building, 60 E. 42 St.
New York, N. Y.

Without obligation on my part, kindly send me your booklet, "The Golden Rule, A. D. 1931," giving information and suggestions concerning Golden Rule Week.

NAME

ADDRESS

DECEMBER
13-20

THIS SPACE IS CONTRIBUTED BY
SILVER SCREEN

Talkies in Tabloid

[Continued from page 10]

FANNY FOLEY HERSELF This picture's about a woman who has become a famous comedienne on the New York stage, and at the same time has sent two daughters to a fashionable and snooty finishing school. When the daughters learn that mother is an actress—well, it's just too bad. Edna May Oliver is perfect as the comedienne and Helen Chandler and Rochelle Hudson are the daughters.

FIFTY FATHOMS DEEP There are some bottom-of-the-sea camera shots in this one that will thrill you. The plot's about two pals who are nuts about each other until a cheap little blonde gold-digger comes along. No more buddies. There's an exciting climax at the bottom of the sea and the pals are re-united. Jack Holt, Richard Cromwell and Loretta Sayers do well by the plot.

FIVE STAR FINAL Here is grand entertainment for you and a picture that socks a wallop. Frances Starr plays a happily married woman with a lovely young daughter who is about to marry into the social register. But on the eve of the wedding a nosy tabloid, in an effort to increase circulation, digs up a lurid scandal on the mother with tragic results. Edward G. Robinson is great as the managing editor. Marian Marsh is the pretty daughter.

FREE SOUL, A A triumph for Norma Shearer and Lionel Barrymore, who plays a drunken attorney who teaches his daughter to believe in the freedom of love. The scenes between Norma Shearer and Clark Gable as a gangster with whom she becomes involved are tremendous, and there

is a gripping court-room climax in which the honors go to Lionel Barrymore.

GAY DIPLOMAT, THE Well, here's your newest heart-throb, girls, step right up and meet Mr. Ivan Lebedeff, the nearest thing we have to the late Rudy Valentino on the Hollywood diet. In this one Ivan plays a handsome spy commanded to make love to beautiful ladies for information. There's an exciting climax. Genevieve Tobin and Betty Compson are two of the beautiful ladies.

GRAFT It's an old, old story—but still rather exciting. Another dumb newspaper reporter sets out to catch a murderer and clean up a city. Of course the dopey news hound wins out in the end by dumping all manner of crooks and murderers on the city editor's desk with the scoop of the year. Regis Toomey and Sue Carol are in it.

GUARDSMAN, THE If you are the least bit sophisticated you will be simply crazy about this picture which has been superlatively done by the New York Theatre Guild's charming Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt. It's all about an actor who suspects that his wife is about to embark on an infidelity. He disguises himself as a Russian soldier and carries on an intrigue with his own wife. What fun! And did she know?

GUILTY HANDS Do you want to be baffled? Well, try this mystery thriller. Lionel Barrymore, as a retired district attorney, commits a murder, fastens the blame on another, and then manages things the way he wants them. Kay Francis and Madge Evans are splendid.

I LIKE YOUR NERVE If it's romance you want, try this one. Young Doug does a Fairbanks, Senior and cavorts all over South America, rescuing a damsel in distress, climbing balconies, and doing daring deeds. Loretta Young is the damsel.

MAGNIFICENT LIE, THE This picture is Ruth Chatterton and not much else. If you're a Chatterton fan you'll hug it to your heart, and if you're not you'll probably be bored. Ruth plays the rôle of a hard-boiled little café singer who impersonates a famous French actress to appease a blind boy (Ralph Bellamy). Stuart Erwin gives a splendid performance.

MERELY MARY ANN Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell get just a little bit too sugary in this one. It's about a young composer, poor but proud, who struggles to write classics when he should be dashing out jazz to pay the rent. The little house maid falls in love with him. She inherits a million and he becomes a famous composer, so what more do you want?

MY SIN A slow yarn, but you'll like Tallulah Bankhead. It's the very old plot about the lady who tries to muffle her past only to have it pop out at her at the most inopportune moment. Tallulah's involved in a scandal and murder in Panama and a few months later she is somebody else on Park Avenue, and everything's just dandy until Ole Davil Past comes popping up. Fredric March plays a reformed bum.

PALMY DAYS Eddie "Depression Explainer" Cantor is a riot in this one. There isn't any plot to speak of, but there's lots of fun with Eddie singing songs in an ultra modern dough-nut factory. Charlotte Greenwood helps out in the funny business. If you're feeling low, call on Dr. Cantor at your local theatre.

PERSONAL MAID Nancy Carroll appears in this one as a little Irish girl who is fed up with New York tenement life and longs to break away from her drab existence. She becomes a personal maid to a wealthy woman and gets involved in all kinds of adventures. Mary Boland, Gene Raymond and Pat O'Brien are in the cast.

PENROD AND SAM Youngsters and many a grown-up will get many a laugh out of Booth Tarkington's famous boy story. Not as good as "Skippy" but you'll enjoy it just the same. Leon Janney and Junior Coghlan are grand in the leading parts. ZaSu Pitts, Dorothy Peterson and Matt Moore are the adults.

POLITICS Marie Dressler and Polly Moran desert the stock market (and who hasn't?) and the beauty "shoppes" and go in for politics—with screaming results. Marie, with Polly as her manager, runs for the Mayorship of a small town and gets involved in all sorts of political and house-

[Continued on page 69]



Howard Hughes of "Hell's Angels" fame is producing a sensational air picture called "Sky Devils". He is one of the most talked of millionaires of the picture colony

hold battles. William Bakewell and Karen Morley supply the romance.

RECKLESS LIVING

Good
(Universal)

This is about a chap who can't leave the horses alone and a gal who sticks by — through thick rolls and thin. There's a handsome gangster chief who tries to get in some dirty work with the lass but she's true to her race track boy friend. Splendid cast includes Mae Clarke, Norman Foster, Ricardo Cortez and Marie Prevost.

ROAD TO RENO

Fair
(Paramount)

This is the first of the Reno-vated divorce pictures. It's about a modern mother (Lilyan Tashman) who takes darling daughter along to Reno with her to get her fourth divorce. The girl falls in love and a dastardly black-guard tries to marry Mama for her money. Peggy Shannon, Buddy Rogers and William Boyd are in it.

RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE

Good
(Fox)

A western with plenty of action and a hero who is virile and proud of it. George O'Brien on the hunt for his long lost sister arrives at her ranch just in time to save her from the annoyances, petty and otherwise, of Noah Beery and his band of bad hombres who go in for stealing cattle and kidnaping children. Marguerite Churchill is the sister and there's a nice romance.

SHANGHAIED LOVE

Fair
(Columbia)

This one's about a cruel sea captain sailing the briny deep with a shanghaied crew. There's a mysterious gal on board, a youngster decides to save her from "worse than death" — and so it goes. Sally Blane, Noah Beery and Richard Cromwell struggle with the poor material.

SIN OF MADEIRA

Fair
(M-G-M)

Get out your handkerchief, girls, for this is an old-fashioned weepie. Neil Hamilton is up to his old tricks again—luring a pretty girl away on the pretense of marriage. He disappears and Lewis Stone is left to console the girl (Helen Hayes) who has a baby and a lot of disillusion. Helen has to become a bad girl to be a good mother—or something like that.

SOB SISTER

Good
(Fox)

Here's James ("Bad Girl") Dunn again and he turns in another good performance. This time he's a reporter on a conservative newspaper and his greatest joy in life is annoying a femme reporter, sob sister, on a noisy tabloid. Of course, he eventually falls in love with her amid the excitement of "scoops" and "deadlines" and kidnaping racketeers. Linda Watkins is the sob sister.

SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME

Excellent
(Universal)

This picture successfully perpetuates the memory of Knute Rockne and glorifies loyalty, team play and courage. It gets rather sentimental over football and loyalty but you'll like it. In it are a lot of famous football heroes, including the "Four Horsemen". Lew Ayres, William Bakewell, Sally Blane and J. Farrell MacDonald are the "movie" people in it.

STREET SCENE

Excellent
(United Artists)

This is one of the most talked about pictures of the year. It's all about life in a squalid New York tenement on a hot summer day. Here are the people you meet on city streets; here are the things that happen only in large cities. There's

1st Prize



Florence D.
Walden
Hollywood, Cal.

... 55% more
in safety and
enjoyment at
only 5 cents
more in price

WHY I CHANGED-TO-MARLBORO CONTEST

(For Other Prize Winners Watch Magazines And Newspapers)

In a restaurant recently I commented on the beauty and distinguished appearance of a woman seated nearby. My companion, a well-known attorney, glanced at her and remarked indifferently,

"Yes, but she SPOILS it all by smoking a cheap cigarette."

Needless to say, that tip was my reason for changing to Marlboros.

Florence D. Walden

MARLBORO

PLAIN or IVORY TIPPED

America's finest cigarette

a tabloid murder that will turn on your tear ducts and tug at your heart strings. The entire cast is excellent, especially Sylvia Sidney and Estelle Taylor.

THIS MODERN AGE

Fair
(M-G-M)

Joan Crawford again struggles to rise above a mediocre story. In this one she lives with her not-so-nice mother in Paris and they go places and do things that are smart and shocking. Neil Hamilton and Monroe Owsley both fall for Joan and Neil wins. Poor Monroe. You'll like the new blonde Joan and bear with the picture for her sake.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS

Good
(Paramount)

A great deal can happen in twenty-four hours and this picture sets out to prove just how much. A night club hostess and a gangster and a society couple are involved, and there's a neat little murder and solution. You'll be crazy about Miriam Hopkins as the night club hostess who sings torch songs.

UNHOLY GARDEN

Good
(United Artists)

The gals will rally round the suave and charming Ronnie Colman, but it will be the lads who get the biggest kick out of this picture. Colman, a bank robber, joins a band of thieves and law-breakers hidden away in a hotel in Algiers. They plan to rob an aged embezzler of his loot, but Ronnie falls in love with the old man's daughter—and goes noble. Fay Wray and Estelle Taylor are in it.

WATERLOO BRIDGE

Excellent
(Universal)

Here is a fine, beautifully enacted drama of the late war. It's the story of an English music hall girl who is forced by poverty to

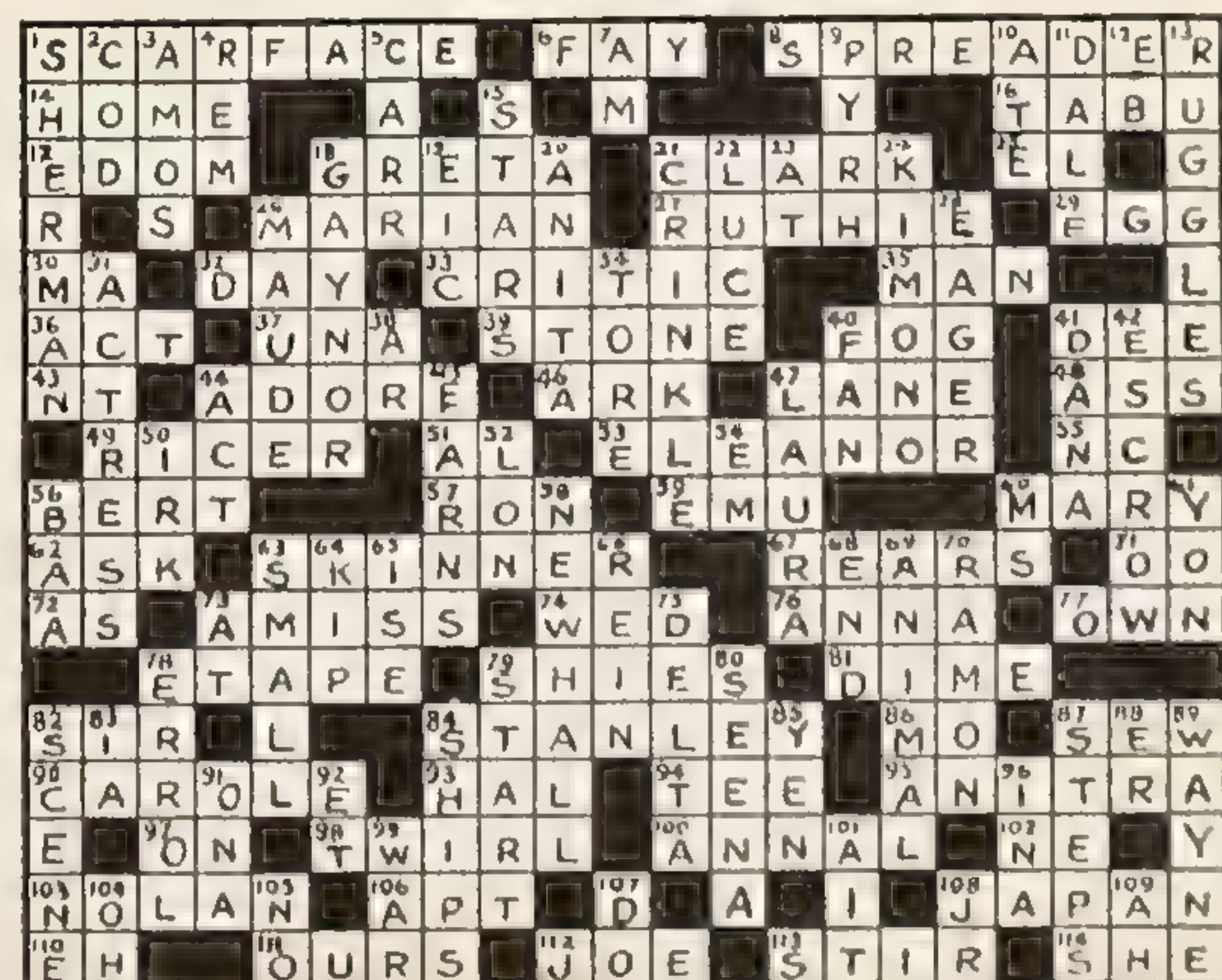
ply "the oldest trade" on Waterloo Bridge. One night she meets a young idealistic soldier who falls in love with her. Does she reveal her past? Mae Clarke and Kent Douglass are grand and will bring tears of sympathy to the old eyes.

WEST OF BROADWAY

Good
(M-G-M)

John Gilbert plays the part of a lad who returns from France with T. B. and is ordered to hit for Arizona at once. The fact that his girl has given him the air sets him goofy, and while he's painting the old town scarlet he marries a not-so-nice girl. After the hang-over he leaves abruptly for the open spaces—but the girl follows. You'll like John in this one. Lois Moran and Madge Evans are his girls.

THE ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE



At last...



...what women have been
hoping for.. a **NEW**
improved MAYBELLINE
Eyelash Beautifier, that...

... does not smart the eyes if accidentally gotten into them...

... is perfectly tear-proof and will not run or smear...

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REGARDLESS of your past experience with eyelash darkeners, go to your toilet goods counter and purchase a package of the new solid form Maybelline. Absolutely harmless. You will be amazed and delighted with the results. 75¢—Black or Brown.

For 10¢ and coupon below we will send Purse Size for trial.

Maybelline
Eyelash Beautifier

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MAYBELLINE Co., 5920-A Ridge Ave., Chicago

10¢ enclosed. Send me a Purse Size package of the new Maybelline. ☐ Black ☐ Brown.

Name.....

Address.....

Master of Horrors!

[Continued from page 44]

first venture and the experience forever spoiled for him the old proverb about the prophet in his home town.

The one big love of Lugosi's life came to him in his native country. She was sixteen, the daughter of a very wealthy couple who held high social hopes for the girl. Bela was past thirty. His income as an actor, even though he was a very popular young leading man, was considered small by his prospective in-laws. In addition, Bela and the girl's father belonged to opposing political parties.

But it was a love match and the girl and the man over-rode all objections and were married. What happened brought lines of unhappiness to Lugosi's face which two subsequent marriages could not obliterate.

"In all his life a man finds only one mate. Other women may bring happiness close to him, but there is just one mate. This girl was mine. Possibly she was too young and fragile and lacked the necessary stalwartness of character to fight her way through.

"As a result of my political affiliations I was forced to leave Hungary. My wife remained in Budapest. There was an opening for me in a Berlin theater. When I had enough laid aside to keep us for a year I would send for her, I wrote my wife. Every second day I posted letters to her. I never got an answer."

Afterward, Lugosi learned that his letters never reached the girl-wife. Her parents had reasons for having it so. When Bela did finally get in touch with the girl, he found she had married a man of her parents' choice the day after her divorce from him.

"An explanation?" said Lugosi. "Yes,

there was an explanation. Her father had filled her with the dread that I would be executed as a political enemy unless the father used his influence. This he would not do, he told her, unless she divorced me and married someone else.

"That was years ago. We have thought of re-marriage. But she has children. One can forget many things but not when children are there as reminders of old, deep wounds. They would always come between."

Two other marriages of Lugosi's have ended in divorce. He does not say he will not marry again; the person who makes statements of finality in such matters shows lack of wisdom, he says.

He holds no bitterness. An example of his attitude toward events in his life is shown in the fact that he calls upon an ex-wife who lives in San Francisco whenever he is in the Bay City. When he appeared in a play there the two were seen constantly in each other's company.

"And why not?" Lugosi wants to know. "Two people who failed at marriage may still find each other enjoyable and entertaining persons."

A few weeks ago the Hungarian passed his citizenship examinations and is now an American citizen. Bela of Lugos has become Lugosi of America—with knowledge of American history and laws that would quite surprise the average native.

Legendary superstitions of that corner of the world that produced him have no hold on Lugosi. But—

If, after seeing a monk, a nun, or a black cat you spit quickly, you can't help but live in the shadow of good luck! Take Lugosi's word for it.

Give Joan Crawford Credit

[Continued from page 26]

built up by dancing. I had just about ruined myself trying funny diets—even existing on soda crackers decked with mustard!

"Finally, my doctor showed me that I was dancing too much, getting too much exercise. I stopped until some of the muscle turned into fat and was dieted away. Now I don't have to diet at all, although I eat sparingly."

Joan has not eaten potatoes or bread for five years. Her breakfast consists of a tall glass of hot water and a cup of coffee with plenty of sugar and cream. For lunch she has a big portion of fresh fruit or vegetable salad. In the middle of the afternoon a glass of fruit juice or an apple or orange, and at night a full course dinner, excepting, always, potatoes, bread, and rich desserts. Her only vice is smoking. She does not drink.

"I think that getting your face and figure into the best condition is the hardest thing," she says. "You have to work at that. I never followed systematic physical culture exercises because I danced so much

I needed no other kind of exercise. Dancing is my notion of the ideal exercise. I adopted it as a necessity, to earn a living. Now dancing is a luxury with me for I don't have much time for it."

Transforming a Kansas accent into a pure, modified English manner of speaking was another of her feats. When the talkies came in Joan didn't rely on her looks. She began taking an hour lesson every day in voice placement and singing. She still takes now when she is not at the studio working. As a result a Mid-Western, commonplace voice has given way to one of the most refined, compelling voices in today's talkies. She sounds as though she has had years of stage experience, so cultivated is her diction. But it has been acquired by hard work in short order time.

Doug, Jr. remarks of his wife, "She has the most remarkable power of concentration of anyone I have ever known. She is consumed with an overwhelming ambition."

Joan's relationship with the Royal Family of Hollywood is but another indi-

cation of her determined character. When she married she picked not only the crown prince of the colony, but one of the finest boys on the coast. A youth with remarkable ability. And she was not content to get by as Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Her screen work is kept entirely separate in the public's mind. It may be worth noting, too, that today Joan is a bigger box-office star than the other three members of the family—Mary Pickford, Doug, Sr., and Doug, Jr. Strictly on her own merits with the fans.

She is still Crawford's severest judge. Although she has already worked miracles, she modestly claims that she has a long road yet to travel before she reaches the goal of completeness which she has set. To make herself more at ease socially she has become adept at swimming and tennis. She has taken French and Spanish lessons recently after working hours.

Ever since she left home to make her own way up in the world, she has experimented with whatever seemed to offer the best means of advancement. Her recent trial as a blonde is evidence of the lengths she will go for any possible betterment. Cameramen told her she would photograph more attractively with lighter hair. She didn't like it, and has now restored it to its natural, chestnut brown.

One can hardly discuss Joan without a mention of her zeal for reading. She is not like the movie star who, when offered a new book, replied, "Oh, no thanks, I have a book!" Joan reads a great deal. She always has. When you meet her you can be certain that somehow, despite the

crowded hours she puts in at the studio, she will be able to discuss intelligently any book you may care to mention.

Her reading, like everything else about her, has undergone an evolution. "I do wish," she sighed once, "that people would stop remarking cattily when they see me with a biography or a good book, 'She's gone highbrow!'"

"Why shouldn't I have progressed to books that a few years ago I would neither have selected nor understood? At school you start with the first-grade reader, but you don't continue on that level forever. Even a shop girl learns to improve on Elinor Glyn. Why won't they give me credit for doing so?"

I asked her what her philosophy of life is now, formulated by years of struggle to escape poverty and mediocrity.

This miracle girl answered, "I have come to believe a cultured person is one with some kind of original viewpoint on life. I am an ardent admirer of John Powys, the English writer, who phrases my outlook so much better than I can when he says, 'Earnestness alone makes life eternity, and there is no earthly reason why any intelligent youth of our day should vulgarize the freshness of his response to this mysterious world by a cheap cleverness, put on to worry and tease the simple philistine.'"

If ever there was a doubt in your mind as to the efficacy of will power, just consider the amazing case of Joan Crawford and admit that any lack of success in your own life is due to plain laziness and refusal to grab the breaks.

A Broken Back and a Stiff Upper Lip

[Continued from page 50]

so that I couldn't roll about in my sleep.

"Then I kept asking to sit up, and the doctors would just kid me, and make a quick exit. But they weren't kidding me at all. I knew what they were thinking. They were wondering whether I ever would walk again. But I *knew* I would. And I was sure I would walk long before they expected I could—and I did."

"One day I was so discouraged, though, that I guess I cried a little. That was just the time the doctor would pick to come in. He asked me what was troubling me."

"I said, 'I'm tired of lying here.'"

"All right," he replied like a flash, and turned to the nurse and said, "Get hold of the bed here—she is going to sit up."

"Well, I did, so quickly it almost scared me. From that time I began to mend more rapidly. I was eager to get home."

Evalyn had a good laugh about that trip home.

"I came home in an ambulance with nothing on but a borrowed sheet," she said. "The nurse had laid out my clothes, and Stanley grabbed them up, put them in a bundle and took them home. I was really glad the ambulance wasn't wrecked on the way. It would have been most embarrassing."

"I want to go back to work now," she

said suddenly. "I've had a long enough vacation. I told the doctors I must be back in November or someone else would get all the good rôles."

"And I can do it. You just watch—" and she called in her nurse, Mrs. Baker.

"We're going to take a walk," she said. "I'm going to show that I can do it."

Evalyn swung to her feet, and, aided by the nurse, walked rapidly across the room and back.

"Sometimes I start to go off sideways," she said smiling, "but I'm getting better control of myself every day. You see—" she added with a smile, "—your legs forget what to do when you quit using them for so long."

Her walk was ended and her "boss" said that she must go back to bed. So the blue-eyed girl with the wistful smile said goodbye, and walked down the long hall, her nurse holding her by the arm, to disappear in a bedroom at the other end of the apartment.

They didn't think she would ever walk—but she did.

And they didn't think she would return to pictures for months—but she no doubt will.

And this is the plucky, brave and smiling Miss that the doctors in Hollywood call "the miracle girl".

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A Fool For Luck

[Continued from page 43]

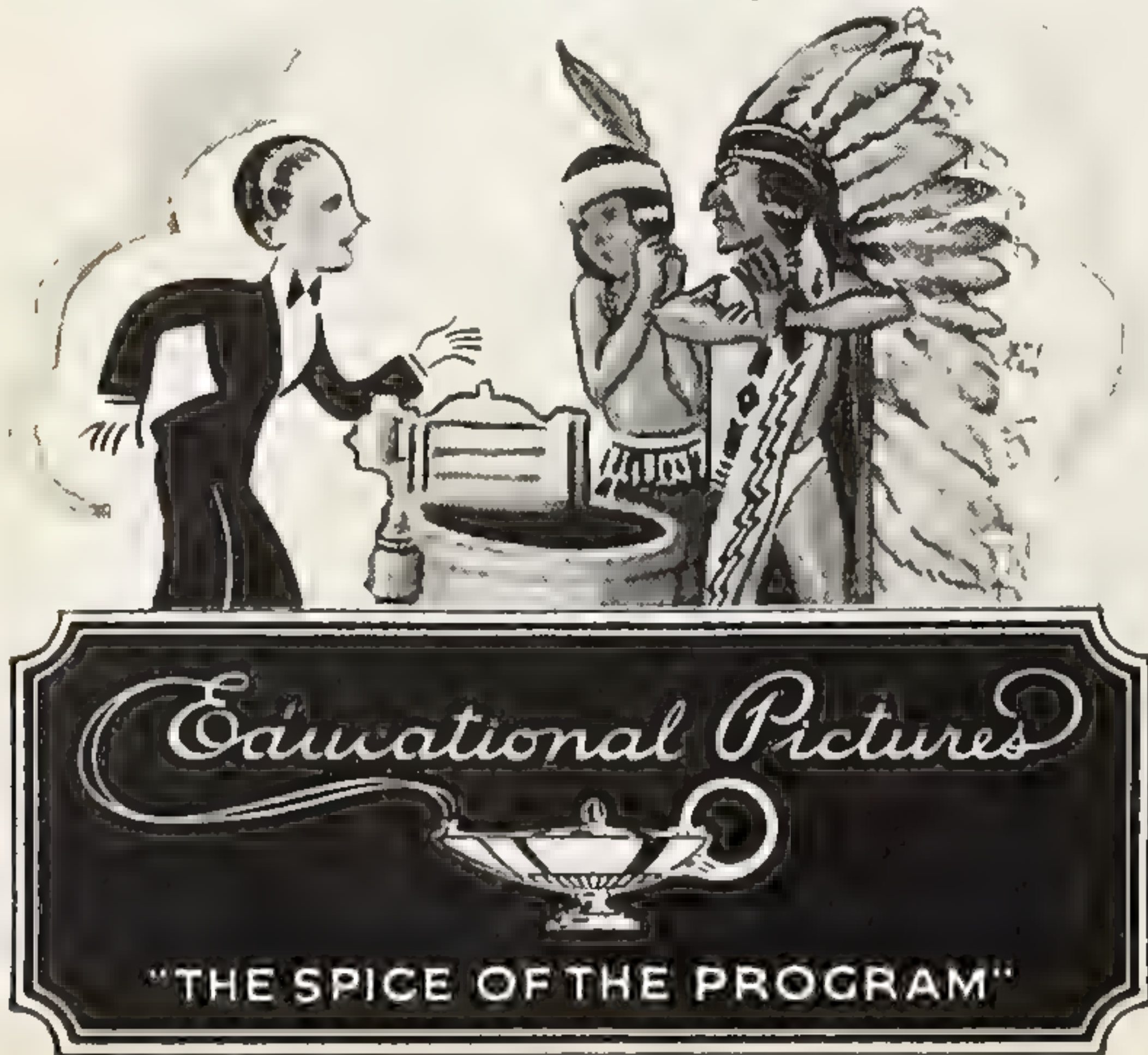


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whom men adore to pal around. When they're with Joan they don't feel that they have to make pretty speeches or indulge in tiresome flatteries.

They can talk sanely to her and perhaps even tell her about the girl they love—and with whom they've just had a big quarrel. And they can ask her advice about how to make up with the heartless sweetheart.

Joan will know—and Joan will help them. She's got a heart, has Joan. You're sure of that the moment you look at her.

Of course, Joan and Marie are not the first women to carve screen niches for themselves via the comedy route. ZaSu Pitts has done the same thing to such an extent that she has to work in two or three pictures at one time, so great is the demand for her services.

Producers can hire any number of beautiful ingenues—but there's only one ZaSu Pitts. You know what I mean! Think of how you start giggling the moment she comes upon the scene . . .

Another example of the power of comedy is the case of Jack Oakie. In his first picture Jack sprang to instantaneous fame because of his broad, infectious humor.

That contagious grin of his, those twinkling merry eyes, those so-Irish freckles all spelt success to him—and money at the box-office for the producers.

For honest - to - goodness, rib - tickling comedy there was no one quite like Jack.

An unsuccessful experiment was made to star Jack. And the moment the erstwhile comedian became the central attraction of the picture and had to carry

a romantic interest—the moment he was robbed of the right to be the jester, he was a Samson shorn of his locks.

All the world loves a lover—but not a comical one. And so Jack has had to give up his stardom and go back to the featured comedy rôles in which he excels.

And this is true of all comedians, with one exception. Harold Lloyd is the only clown who can maintain a love interest successfully—but in a close analysis, we realize that Harold is not really a comedian!

For Lloyd creates his comedy by means of tricky situations. He, himself, is never the obvious clown, but is always the victim of funny circumstances.

Harold has an indescribable appeal, an instinctive tenderness and delicacy that label him a rather average, normal young man. But a young man to whom ridiculous things happen. That is why he is able to face the final fade-out with the girl clasped tightly in his arms.

But in the main, we like our comedians for their very lack of romance. They are such a relief!

Being human, we know that they *do* live and love even as do their more handsome brethren, the gay Lotharios of the silver screen. But because they invest their every action with a sort of care-free gayety which we all covet—because they have obvious faults which make us conscious of our own superiority, we adore our clowns—and we go to see them!

And when we go to see them, that means money at the box-office. And money at the box-office means fame and fortune—and bigger and better rôles.

Who said anything about "fool's luck"?

Hot Lupe!

[Continued from page 40]

found the job no easy one. Lupe would nearly burst into tears when she made mistakes, and her mistakes were numerous.

She and her leading man were seated in a corner rehearsing. The leading man, an experienced stage actor, tried gently to correct her. Lupe didn't want correction. Suddenly she exploded, gave the astonished actor a not too delicate berating, stalked to the other end of the car and plopped down in glum silence.

The dialectician tried to console her, the leading man to explain, Lupe ignored both. She would not speak to the actor and refused to go to work with him when called. Some time was lost while the director tried to convince her she was wrong. In the end she went to work, pouting like a spanked child. Lupe and that leading man are now good friends.

Witnesses of the scene decided that Lupe was high-handed and temperamental. They were pleasantly surprised afterward to find that she is an excellent little trouser. The production lasted some months. Part of the time, Lupe was half sick. She had a severe cold and was under a doctor's care. She never whimpered. Several times she fainted on the

set, was revived, and went on with her work, unflinching.

The first weeks we worked steadily, without a Sunday or a night off. Finally, Lupe rebelled.

"It isn't fair!" she cried. "I've been working hard! We've all worked hard. We deserve at least our Sundays to ourselves. I've never worked Sundays and I won't now!"

All day long on Saturday, prop boys, electricians, grips, cameramen, everybody prayed that she wouldn't change her mind. She didn't. We had Sunday off.

Lupe often makes mistakes on the impulse of a moment. I am inclined to think that she bitterly regrets them afterward. On one picture she was being coached by a prominent actress who specializes in French accents. Before completion of the film, this coach was (to use a studio idiom) "let out". Her presence on the set made Lupe nervous. The Mexican whirlwind was afraid of criticism.

A few days later, the actress visited the studio. She came to the set—not to criticize Lupe, but to visit friends. Lupe refused to continue her scene. The director demanded an explanation. She pointed to

the inoffensive actress at the edge of the set. The director tried to "kid" her into working, but she refused. The visiting actress was finally asked to depart. Not only was she hurt, but extremely offended; and the director was placed in a very embarrassing situation. Lupe did not realize she'd been ungracious. She'd acted on impulse.

She is often kind-hearted and generous to a fault. Many a crew working with her can recall warm, uncomfortable days when she treated the entire company to ice cream; and cold, uncomfortable nights when she bought them coffee and sandwiches.

A favorite diversion of Lupe's co-workers is to listen to her tell of the past, or watch her sing and dance. She does all three amusingly, and apparently enjoys it. Lupe has a distinct "exhibition complex".

One evening when we had returned from dinner to the set, she commenced to reminisce about her Mexican childhood. She told of a mule, fat and lazy, who was hauling the Velez family out for a holiday. Living up to the reputation of his species, he trotted a brief distance and refused to go farther. Lupe says,

"I was furious. I kick, I pull, I shout at him. The crazee fool animal wouldn't budge." At length, Lupe industriously made a pile of dead leaves, papers and sticks under the mule. When all was in readiness, she set fire to the paper. The mule suddenly came to life, started running and refused to stop. Lupe was left behind.

"Another time," Lupe related, "I was working in a New York theatre. In the middle of a song, I got frightened. I tried to sing a high note and my voice cracked. I didn't know what to do. I yelled at the leader, 'Sound your A, professor,' and started tuning up—'mi, mi,'—making faces at the audience. They loved it." Later this action became part of her act.

Lupe vehemently denies she is temperamental. Yet, a favorite legend of Hollywood deals with a scene which, after numerous rehearsals, she still could not do to the satisfaction of the director.

"I was so mad at my own dumb stupidity, I hit myself on the chin and knocked myself cold!" is the way she tells it. Oh, no! Lupe is not temperamental! Oh, no!

Again, Lupe, I and several members of a troupe were lunching at the Derby. Joe Frisco, the stuttering comedian, saw us and approached to chat with some of the crowd whom he chanced to know. He was introduced to Lupe.

"I—I—I know your b-b-brother," stuttered Joe.

"Oh, do you?" Lupe was wreathed in smiles.

"Sh - sh - shure — m - m - met him in N-n-n-new York. Rudy V-v-vallee."

An ominous silence followed. Joe bade the company goodbye and departed. Suddenly, Lupe flamed into fiery rage.

"The idea!" she shouted. "The cheap skate—the—(blank, blank, blank). He insult me! He make fun of my nationality! Saying dat Rudy Vallee ees my brother! He make fun of me—because I am a Mexican!"

An effort was made to calm her, but it was useless. Lupe refused to realize that Frisco had meant nothing insulting.

But then when did a temperamental lady have a sense of humor? Lupe surely has enough without that, too.

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January
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Robert Montgomery's Life Story

[Continued from page 59]

better than any I have made. It was a grand rôle. I might have acted it all over the place. There were plenty of opportunities for chewing up the scenery and emoting in general. I thought it would be better if I did none of that. It was an acting rôle that was all the better by not being acted, if that isn't too completely paradoxical. When I first saw the script I knew that it was the showiest rôle in the picture. I thought most of it would be cut out.

"Strangers May Kiss" still stands as the favorite to date. I like "Private Lives", in which I again play with Miss Shearer. The picture I want to do most, however, is "Courage". That comes next, and I have never been so excited about any rôle.

It really doesn't matter what kind of a rôle I play as long as it is real. The boy in "The Big House" was a rat and a weakling, but he was human. You believed that such a character could exist.

I know it is the fashion to say that stardom means nothing—that a player is better off by appearing in strong rôles in support of a star. But I'm glad that I achieved stardom. I knew its risks. The star is always blamed if the picture is bad. If you are just a supporting character you can blame the failure on the director, the cutter, the star, hard times, the stock market, depression, almost anybody or anything. When the scenarios are written the supporting characters usually get the best of it. A star is usually supposed to get along some way. After all, apparently, it is figured, he wouldn't be a star unless he had some personality. Let him turn on that personality full force.

With all that risk, I'm not sorry that I finally reached the goal. Every actor dreams of it. It is exactly the same in every profession. A young man starts to study medicine. After a time he becomes interested in the eyes or throat. He specializes in that, and perhaps he becomes one of the greatest specialists in the world. Well, stardom is a sort of specialization.

You reach stardom while you're young in pictures. You have to, for the screen wants youth. It is not so easy on the stage. You must work for years. Sometimes stardom back of the footlight comes after one sensational success, but not very often. When it does it does not last long as a rule. Frank Bacon struggled along for years before he reached it. When he did he was an old man.

Stage stardom usually lasts for many years. It is rather a brief thing in pictures.

Three years from now I want to go back to the stage. I mean I would like to stay in pictures three more years if I can do work which will please the fans, and myself. I want to save money in those three years. Only this year have I made what you would call "good money". When I came to Hollywood my salary was exactly what I had received on the stage.

I'm not conceited enough to think that the stage would welcome me with open arms. For all I know I may be thrown out on my ear. I can try, at least.

Like most people in Hollywood I have my own ideas how pictures should be

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made. Every actor does, you know, I'm probably all wrong; but then there is no harm in having ideas—particularly if you know you will never have a chance to put them into effect.

My studio would be as deserted as one of those ghost mining towns of the west during the daytime. Not a camera would turn. Not an actor would be in sight, unless, naturally, scenes out of doors had to be made. I think the night is the time to work—when it is quiet and there are none of the thousand and one distractions of the day. I think it is completely impossible for anyone to give a really fine acting performance at nine o'clock in the morning. As often as not you do a love scene at that hour. Imagine anyone feeling amorous that soon after breakfast.

I'd start my companies to work around seven in the evening—and continue to three o'clock in the morning. It probably sounds like a wild dream, but I believe it would work. I can say that, because it will never be put to an actual test, even if companies very frequently work all through the night. Good work, too, if the players aren't exhausted from working all day as well.

There's nothing very involved about my life in Hollywood. It doesn't differ much from the life of any other man excepting that I get up pretty early. I roll out of bed at seven every morning when I am working. I bathe and have breakfast, and at 7:45, regular as clockwork, I leave the house for the studio. The gateman can almost set his watch by me. I'm at that gate at eight. I go to the barber shop for a shave, and I'm on the set by nine.

It's a sort of standing joke between Joan

Crawford and myself that we reach the studio gate at just the same time every morning. One morning I drive in just ahead of Joan, and the next day she drives through first. We seem to have the same schedule; although Joan lives farther out than I do. She has to leave her home much before 7:45.

I go out very little at any time—almost never when I am working. I have a good many friends of whom I'm fond. I like to go to their homes for small dinners and have them over to my house. I have a theory that nothing important, conversationally, is said in groups larger than twelve. Consequently, I avoid large, unwieldy parties.

My life is anything but wild. There are a couple of other Robert Montgomerys about. They love to get into difficulty. In fact they have a positive genius for it. I sort of bask, unwillingly, in their reflected glory since their exploits are usually sensational enough to land in the daily papers. Sometimes my friends confuse me with the other Montgomery fellows. One friend quit speaking to me on account of a scrape I never got into at all.

I like automobiles, and I love to drive fast. There's a \$35,000 special racing car I would love to own. You can shift from second to third at ninety miles an hour—and the car can travel at so much past one hundred miles an hour that it isn't funny. I say I would love to own it. I never shall. In the first place I would probably kill myself in no time at all.

A premature death doesn't intrigue me at all. Personally, I hope there will be many more chapters in the future to the life story of Robert Montgomery.

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The Love of Lew and Lola

[Continued from page 20]

newlyweds came back to the semi-civilization of a summer camp on Lake Tahoe. The camp was closed for the season and they had the place practically to themselves. Plenty of solitude and silence, without the horrors and discomforts of primitive living. Too, there had been much of the stuff of which memories are made. Long walks in the hills. Rides in the moonlight.

There, before the warm fire crackling on the hearth, they talked about and laughed over their back-to-nature experiences.

Lew and Lola aren't "mushy", thank goodness. There is, rather, a comradely air of bantering and good humor between them.

I asked Lew, in the course of the interview, who his favorite actress is. And, with a little-boy grin, he said, "Lola".

And she giggled and said her favorite actor was Lew. Then, she went on and said that Lew's favorite actors were Lionel Barrymore, Wallie Beery and Jackie Cooper.

Just when I had made up my mind that Lola is boss of the Ayres family, Lew informed me in a masterful manner that he isn't going to have Lola work in pictures, except when her work fits in with what he is doing. I gathered that the decision, however, is the result of many evening-long conferences. Probably reached at the same time that they decided in favor of marriage.

"At first, we were afraid to marry," Lew confessed. "You know how Hollywood is. Our friends all told us it would finish my career if we married. Naturally, a fellow doesn't like the idea of throwing over success after he has gone through the tortures of winning it. We talked it over with the studio officials and our relatives and friends, and then we decided to do as we wished. The fans are writing us nice letters, too. They seem glad about it, don't they, Lola?"

"They certainly do." There was a pleased note of vindication in her voice. "I believe the fans like to see their heroes happy and enjoy reading about their real-life romances."

"We decided," Lew continued, "that we wouldn't ever let our work interfere with our home life or our vacations together. We are always going to do things together. Several of our friends, who are married, can never find time to go places with each other, or do the things they want to do. We aren't going to be like that. I want Lola to work and to go ahead with her career if she wants to. But I don't want her to let her career take her away from me and spoil our vacations and play times."

"Lew wants me to keep happy and occupied with work whenever he goes on location, or any place where it isn't practical for me to go with him," Lola told me, "but he doesn't want my career to interfere with our happiness. Neither do I. We feel the same way about it."

Pressed for details of their romance, Lew was quite outspoken about it.

"There isn't a lot to say," he insisted, "I knew from the first that Lola was the

only girl in the world for me."

"And I felt the same way about Lew," she interposed.

"We weren't officially engaged," Lew explained, "but actually we were engaged and even told studio officials five months before our wedding. We gave the matter a lot of thought. While we never for a minute thought of not marrying, we did think we might wait another six months or so. But marriage hasn't hurt other young stars. They even succeed in having babies, without any bad effect on their careers. So we decided to take a chance. And we're both glad. And happy."

Lola sighs ecstatically, curled up in a corner of the divan. Lew is sitting correctly in a large, easy chair, but I intercept looks that tell me plainly enough, if I weren't there, that same chair would be groaning under the weight of the two of them.

There is something clean and fine about Lew and Lola's love. Nothing mawkish. No sickly sentiment. No hand-holding or love codes. Rather, friendly understanding and a deep regard. The kind of affection that makes for firm foundations.

They are the same age, but Lola seems older than Lew. She is inclined to mother him. And does Lew enjoy it?

Lew is a boy that all women instinctively want to mother. He seems younger than he really is. His size has nothing to do with this, for he is five feet nine inches tall, and weighs 150 pounds. He has a boyish face. "Baby face" Ayres, they called him for years. He tried in every way possible to shed the hateful nickname. He is still sensitive about it, but that same little-boy look is his greatest asset. It was this innocent appearance that gained him the rôle opposite Garbo in "The Kiss." Lew says he knew when he read the description of the rôle that the part was his, for it said, "the boy is an innocent youth with a baby face."

Naturally, our talk drifted to that memorable part of *Paul Baumer* in "All Quiet on the Western Front." My attention had been caught by a German helmet in the niche above the mantel. Lew told me it was the one he wore in the picture.

I asked him if he remembered how he felt when he got the part.

"Do I?" he laughed, and his laugh included Lola. "I was terribly excited when I got a test for the rôle, because I didn't know anyone at Universal. The whole thing was luck. I had been thinking about applying for a test for three months, but put it off because I didn't know anyone there, and I knew that every fellow in town was after the part. Finally, I came out and made the test. On the way back, I got a hunch that I would be called. But I wouldn't let myself think too much about it. Then, when the studio called the next evening and asked me to come out, I felt pretty certain what they wanted. I was quite thin at the time and I thought I ought to look a little fatter for a soldier. So I hunted up an old black suit." An aside here to Lola. "You know the funny one with the trick lapels. It had heavy padded shoulders. Then, I hunted up my thickest soled shoes, to make me look taller.

When I finally got out to the studio, I couldn't make up my mind what to say if they asked me about the part. I rode around the block twice before I finally got up enough courage to go inside.

"I was so nervous when I went in, and they talked about everything else except the picture. I felt like jumping through the window. Finally, Mr. Milestone turned to me and said, 'How would you like to work in Western Front?' I said, 'I'd like it.' Then he said carelessly, 'We've got several parts to fill, you know. Which one would you like to have?' And I told him that I wanted the leading part."

And that is how Lew got to be *Paul Baumer*, and got to be a movie star, and got to marry Lola Lane. For Lola fell in love with him on the screen before she met him in real life.

Lew claims it was all due to luck. He happened to come for a test on the day that the studio was riding Milestone hardest, telling him they couldn't wait any longer for him to select the lead. And it was easier for him to pick a new man, than it was to go back through all the tests he had made and compare them. Lew insists that if he had gone any earlier or any later, he wouldn't have stood a ghost of a show. He was just lucky enough to go at the psychological moment.

Lew is popular with the technical men on his pictures and he spends most of his time between scenes, either playing on the studio piano or walking around the lot by himself. He likes to be alone. Or did. He is a natural musician, and plays the piano, banjo, guitar and organ. He was a member of Ray West's orchestra, playing at the Coconut Grove, Ambassador

Hotel, when he got his first chance in pictures.

As a child, he dreamed of becoming a hobo. And he still likes to get away from crowds. When he vacations, he picks the less frequented places. His favorite outdoor sports are hunting and fishing. And his favorite hobby is astronomy. He has recently purchased an expensive telescope with an 11-inch lens that stands on a concrete base and works with a motor. And he has a complete library on astronomy. Any clear night, when they are at home, you will find Lew and Lola up on the roof star-gazing.

Lew insists that Lola is an excellent housekeeper, and his bachelor hall gives evidence of this in the feminine touch in its present decorative scheme.

Neither of them are given to display and though they say they are slightly cramped in their honeymoon home, they intend to remain until after the first of the year. Lew is a good business man. Everything he does is done in accordance with a carefully worked out budget system. The reason for this lies in the fact that at the end of his first successful year in pictures, he found himself without a cent to his name. He brought himself up short and took over a business manager. Now, he is as careful and canny as a Scot in business matters and he is steadily saving for a possible "rainy day". And Lola approves and helps him. They intend to buy a moderate-priced home soon. Nothing pretentious. Rather something roomy and livable.

They are two, sensible, level-headed kids. Ideally mated. Much in love. And here's the hope that they find all the happiness they deserve.

Gary Cooper Discovers Manhattan Island

[Continued from page 19]

Holman over there. It is Libby Holman.

"Hello," she says, "Must hurry. Just dashed down to see 'Susan Lenox.' Isn't Gable marvelous? Heavens, the time! We're playing New Haven this week and the little Yale boys were sent to interview me. Isn't it too precious?"

The air momentarily seems charged with electricity. There is a tense silence—and a deep, husky voice is heard. It's Tallulah Bankhead. Everyone gathers about her. If only Louis XV (or was it XVI?) had known Tallulah he wouldn't have been so concerned over his coffee.

There's Donald Ogden Stewart, there's Heywood Broun, there's Ward Morehouse—all professionals in their lines. Gary is just one among many—and likes it. Old "Massa" Cooper smiles and smiles.

"And now," I said as enticingly as I could, "tell me about your love life."

"You mean—?"

"Yes, Lupe."

Gary grinned.

"Funny thing," he said, "with all the thousands of restaurants there are in New York I had to wander into the one restaurant the other day where John Gilbert and Lupe were lunching. John hurried Lupe away—I think he was in a hurry to catch

a boat. Well, does that question your answer?"

"There's Tallulah," I added hopefully, "all the gossip columns have it that you and Tallulah are very much that way."

"As a matter of fact, I have been with Tallulah only twice—and both times were at parties—since I met her. Maybe the chatterers got me mixed with that other Cooper fellow—Jackie Skipper Cooper. I hear that Tallulah has quite a crush on him."

Well, I hope I'm not too dumb about realizing that I am getting no place. But I did find out that the "Marjory" Wilson who was reported going places with Gary in all the fan mags is really "Katherine" Wilson (just a small mistake) the well-known actress and great friend of Gary's. And I did learn that there is a Countess Dorothy Frasso who is Italian or French or something—and maybe that explains why Gary wants to master the foreign languages. But I report with pleasure that he is making very little progress—with the languages, I mean, not the countess.

Yes, that Cooper boy has gone New York, all right. But don't be alarmed for he's more charming than ever—if that's possible.

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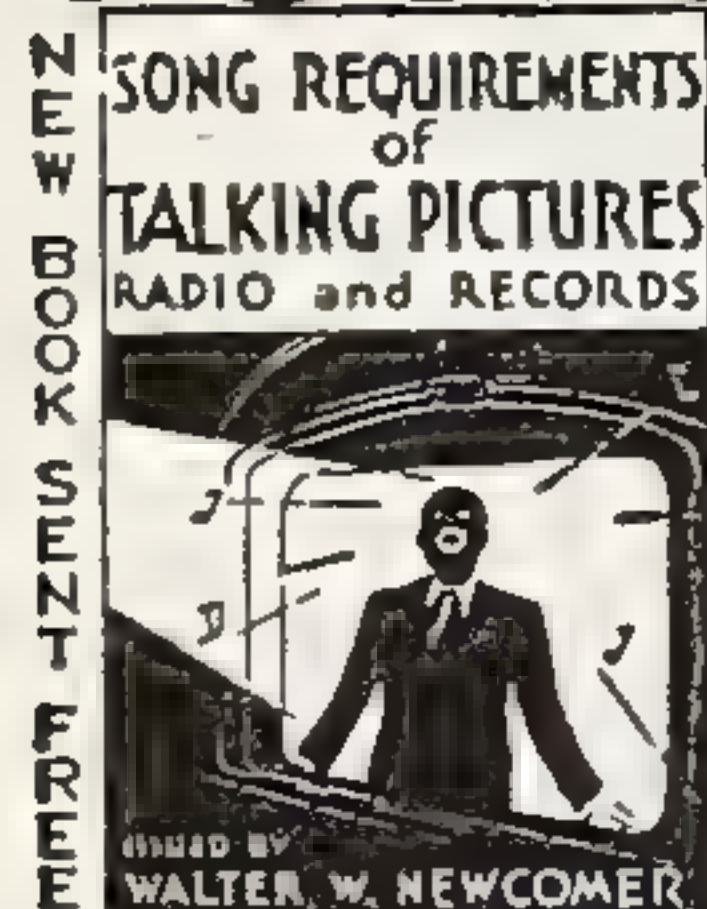
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Ben Lyon's Up In the Air

[Continued from page 41]

instructor did not ask me whether or not I wanted to solo. I suppose instructors never do. They spring it on you in a nonchalant manner.

"We had circled the field a couple of times, during which time I had held the stick myself, taken off by myself and made my own landings. There's nothing to it when you are safe in the knowledge that there is an experienced pilot in the ship ready to take things in his own hands the moment you falter.

"We made a landing and Lloyd climbed out of the ship. I prepared to follow him, believing that the lesson was over.

"I guess you can take it up by yourself now," he said in an offhand manner. There was no warning. It was just put up to me and I could take it or leave it. At first I thought I would leave it. I begged for just one more spin around with him to make sure.

"Well, if you want it," he answered."

Ben was non-plussed. His heart beat wildly, he didn't know whether he could make it alone or not. If he asked for one more spin around with the pilot it would look like cowardice, and if there is anything that Ben hates it is being made to look as though he were afraid of anything.

The result was that he refused to let the pilot show him another thing.

"I gave her the gun," Ben recounted, "and rose from the ground in one of the most perfect of take-offs. It was encouraging, but alone in the air I began to feel a little shaky at first. When confidence returned I enjoyed that thrill which certainly comes once, and only once, in a lifetime.

"After flying around for a few minutes I decided I would try my hand at landing. I can truthfully say that I never expect to make a more beautiful or perfect landing than I did that day.

"In fact, it was so perfect that I couldn't help feeling cocky about it. Instead of

taxiing to a stop, I gave her the gun again and took off, expecting to land once more in the same manner to the astonishment of my instructor.

"I was so full of confidence that I lost caution. My landing was a series of bumps that almost jarred everything loose on the plane, including myself. There was only one thing left to do, and that was to take off again and make a more sedate landing.

"I made it perfectly the third time, but all the glory was gone of the first landing—and all the cockiness was jarred out of me by the fiasco of my second landing. However, I had soloed. And that means something to an aviation student."

Then followed solo practice until he had piled up enough hours alone in the air to qualify him for a license as a private pilot.

Ben Lyon's license number is 4373—a number he will carry with him to the end of his days. Every aviation license he may obtain in the future will bear this number. If he should die, the number dies with him. It is never given to anyone else.

At that, as can be seen from the number, Ben can practically be called a pioneer. Hoot Gibson's number is in the 10,000s while today, when aviation is barely on the threshold of being a popular sport, the numbers run over the 15,000 mark.

This license did not satisfy Ben. He wanted to fly higher, literally and figuratively. The next step, he learned, was to become a commercial flyer.

This meant long hours in the air, driving passenger planes for hire, taking the responsibility of other people's lives on his shoulders.

Sundays would find him at a commercial field, sitting on the bench with other pilots swapping experiences with them and waiting for one-dollar-a-flight customers to put in an appearance. This form of entertainment was quite at its height at that time, which was quite a boon to Ben for it



Jackie Cooper as *Skippy*, Robert Coogan as *Sooky*, and Jackie Searl as *Sidney* in "Sooky". The wonderful performances of these youngsters have made box-office records throughout the country

helped him pile up a lot of experience.

He would get to the field and take up his first passengers at about ten in the morning, continuing on up to about five o'clock in the afternoon. Few of the passengers, if any, knew that they were flying with Ben Lyon, movie star. They may have heard of him as Pilot Lyon, and they never thought to connect the two.

There were Sundays when Ben made as many as thirty-five flights—thirty-five take-offs and landings, a total of seventy passengers throughout the day. Working his Sundays as hard as he did, it did not take long before he had gathered enough hours of commercial flying to win his commercial license.

"The company had a find in me," Ben said. "I didn't get a nickel of the money the passengers paid for rides. I was only too glad to work for nothing in order to get the experience."

Even after the license was obtained, he could not rest there and call that an accomplishment. He kept on working at it, still giving up his Sundays to carrying passengers. Besides, in order to hold his license he had to keep on flying, passing examinations and proving that he was always up to the minute on the latest wrinkles in aviation.

It began to be a little too much of the same thing with nothing further in view. Surely there was a higher goal, he thought, and he started to inquire just what that higher goal might be.

"It's an army pilot's rating," one pilot told him. "In the first place you have to be in the army to get it. In the second place, it takes an awful lot of study, very rigid examinations—and at that you might never get it. Why, Lindbergh hasn't even got it. He only holds a J.A.P. rating—Junior Army Pilot."

That didn't discourage Ben in the least. If it were at all possible for any human to get, he felt confident that he would get it, too.

He went about things in their regular order, beginning with enlisting as a reserve private in the 322nd Pursuit Squadron located at Long Beach, California.

Then followed an apprenticeship in which he started in again from the ground floor. This was made all the harder for he was active in his motion picture work and could give only his evenings to study and his Sundays and occasional off days to work at the army post.

He wasn't allowed to fly an army plane. That only comes when he wins his rating. He had to content himself with doing what every private does in the army. He had to take orders from his superior officers, wash planes, tighten spark plugs and learn how to get the pilots' planes in condition for flying. He had to help wheel the planes on a dolly to and from the hangars. He had to drive the commissioned pilots from their headquarters to their planes in the green Ford which the post uses as its means of ground transportation.

In other words, he went to school with a vengeance.

He drank in every word of instruction that was given him. He asked questions and studied innumerable books on the subject. He went up in the air with some of the army pilots and learned how army planes are handled. He studied gunnery and acrobatics.

He was preparing for that ordeal of

ordeals—the examination for an A.P. rating.

He must have been a good soldier, for even before the result of his examination had been reported by headquarters at Washington, he was given his commission as Second Lieutenant.

Ben considers that another high point in his life. He was at work on "We Three" with Rose Hobart at First National Studio when his commission arrived. He lost no time in letting everyone around the studio know about it.

One way in which he impressed it on Director John Adolfi was by refusing to come when called "Ben", or even "Ben Lyon". The call of "Lieutenant Lyon" always brought him running, with that well known boyish smile on his face.

The written examination consumed several days, and in it Ben unburdened himself of all he knew about navigation, meteorology, engines, rigging of airships, and their attendant divisions and subdivisions which embraced everything that has ever been known about aviation.

His physical examination alone took five days. The report was submitted to Washington together with his written examination papers.

The answer came when Ben was at work on "Night Nurse" with Barbara Stanwyck at the Warner Studio. It came in the form of a little leather card case, containing his Army Pilot's rating card—the highest rating in aviation which the United States Government can bestow.

To say that Ben was overjoyed is but putting it very mildly. He considers himself the happiest and proudest man in the country.

He now solos army planes, taking lone flights and flying in formation with his fellow officers.

No more does he have to wash planes or wheel them to and from the hangars. He has admiring subordinates to do that for him now.

He is a member of the luxuriously furnished Officers' Club which is part of the Squadron's headquarters at Long Beach.

Nor is that all. His wife, Bebe Daniels, was made an honorary Colonel in the same squadron. She has her own locker in the club rooms with a little panel on the door reading "Colonel Bebe Daniels". For official occasions she wears her own Colonel's uniform.

One of the club rooms contains a large wooden topped table on which every officer has carved his name and the date the inscription was made. Ben has his there next to that of Lieutenant W. R. Sweeley, the commander of the post, carved in script and reading merely "Lt. Ben Lyon". Bebe carved a square and in it, in square letters, is the inscription "Colonel Bebe Daniels".

They are one of the family now. When the table is so covered with inscriptions that it will hold no more, it will be hung on the wall as a memento of the first group of officers of the 322nd Pursuit Squadron.

There is no kow-towing to "movie folk" or fond fathers at the Post. Ben has to go through his duties with no concessions made or given. He has to keep in flight practice throughout the year.

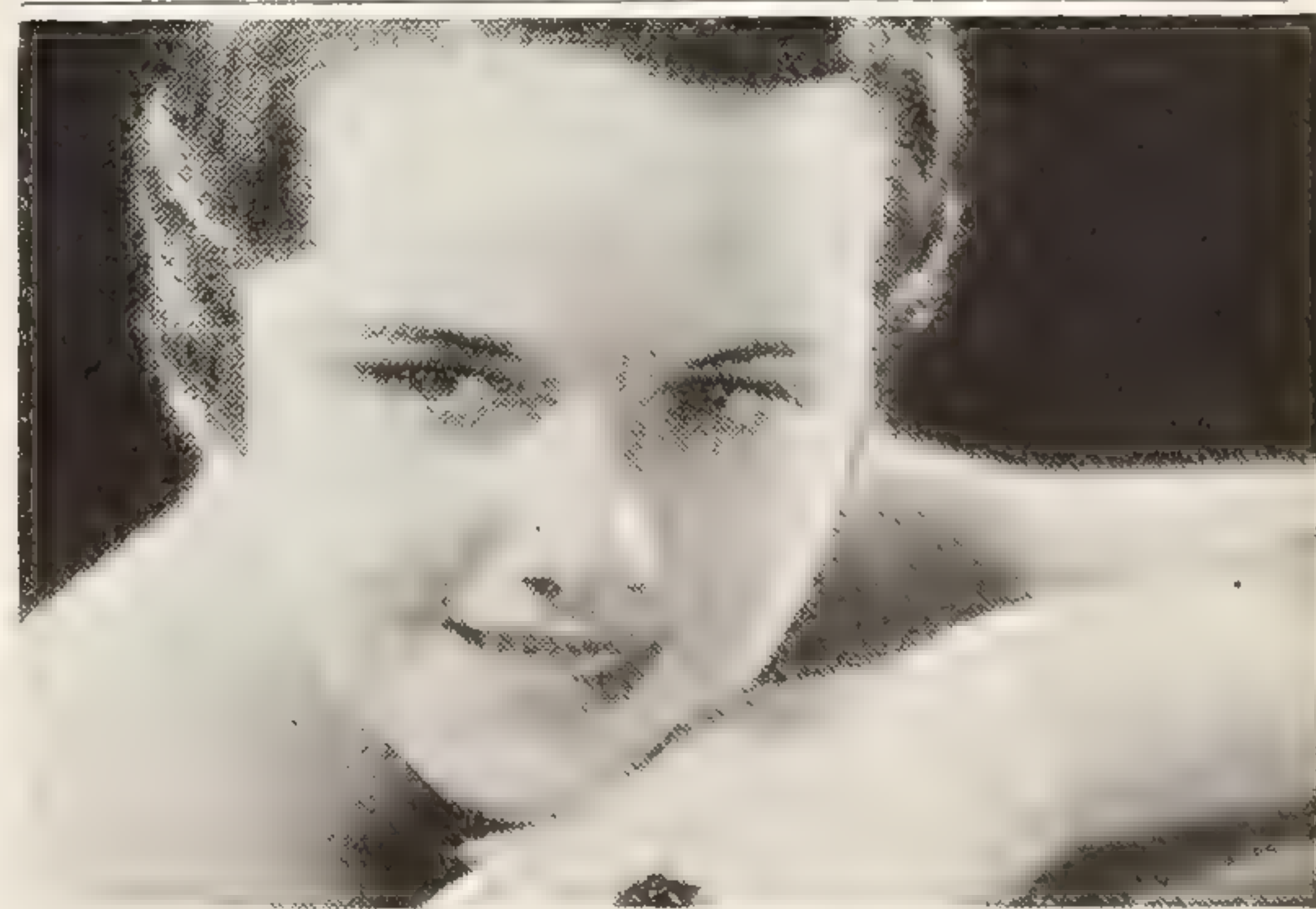
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Thrills of the Stars that Money Couldn't Buy

[Continued from page 39]

impartially. Is he likely to proceed from these impromptu ovations with the feeling that he is just an inconspicuous cog in the wheel of society? Is he?

The drawing up at the curb of any luxurious motor in Los Angeles is the signal for the gathering of an anticipatory group. They wonder whose car it is, unless they recognize Norma Shearer's cream-colored Rolls Royce or Mary Pickford's sleek black town car. Auto-graphing is becoming a problem, with so many claimants impeding a star's progress that it takes him half an hour to enter a theatre. A refusal means an accusation of snobbishness. And what human wouldn't respond keenly to such gestures of affection?

From the captain's unctuous bow to the waiter's final attention, a star's presence in a café is an occasion for numerous courtesies, all suavely offered, while his tired and hungry fellow-men wait for vacant tables during a rushed noon-hour.

Finding themselves in the limelight—oftentimes, over-night—the actors are both pleased and embarrassed at being pointed out on the streets. It depends upon whether or not they are out to be seen. This constant surveyal can become annoyingly oppressive.

As a sudden sequel to her spectacular hit, Marlene Dietrich found herself unable to go out without being mobbed. Actually frightened at our strangely impulsive ways, she remained a recluse.

The police forces of many European cities were called into action to make a passage for Norma Shearer. A familiar sight a few years ago in any large city was Mary Pickford being carried on Douglas Fairbanks' shoulders to escape the clutching hands raised in an avid grab for some token. During the height of Lillian Gish's popularity, an ermine coat was torn to shreds by her adorers. How can the stars be impervious to such adulation? How can they retain a sensible glance upon the world that elevates them onto a pedestal?

After her Viennese success, singing in a Chinese operetta, Anna May Wong became a beloved *Annikin* to the people. Even the women kissed her hand and begged for bits of her costume, to be cherished as souvenirs.

I saw a girl fan at a Hollywood premiere stage such a disturbance once that I didn't know whether to laugh at her or to pity her, and did both. Forcibly hoisting herself onto others' shoulders, she screamed, "There he is! Isn't Buddy a darling?" until her face was apoplectic.

In Chicago, Robert Montgomery sauntered down a main street to a shop where he intended to buy some tennis clothes. Before he had walked five blocks from his hotel he was followed by a crowd which steadily increased. He sprinted into the store and sought the elevator, but they were right on his trail, the overflow jamming the sidewalk outside. He finally had to leave via the service elevator and the back alley. Such evidence of public worship may be annoying—but it is also very complimentary.

One afternoon a number of society

women, leaving a matinée, saw Joan Crawford enter a bag shop, and scurried along in her wake. To cover up their obvious scrutiny of her, they had to buy purses while she made her purchase! When she returns to her home every evening she finds a dozen fans waiting to see her step out of her car. Frequently, being tired and disheveled, she is driven to the rear entrance. En route East, she was met at every station by flowers, fruits and books presented by admirers.

Fifi Dorsay is trailed by photographers, newspapermen meet her at the train, fans storm her dressing-room in the theatres and her hotel rooms. Wally Beery can't drop into his island camp at June Lake without meeting a welcome committee; when he parks his plane on his own landing field he finds people waiting anxiously for a word with him. Norma Shearer was forced to seek safety in the manager's office from a crushing, eager preview mob.

Garbo is seldom recognized at the theatre, but once her late arrival attracted notice. And not only did the audience shift its gaze from the stage, but even the actors, ignoring that maxim that "the show must go on", stopped their dialogue until she was settled in her seat.

Richard Barthelmess, Jack Gilbert, Ronald Colman, Bob Montgomery, Clive Brook and other tennis players were watched by so many fans that they had to put up high walls enclosing their courts. "Pickfair" and other mansions are guarded, else they would be too besieged for their occupants' comfort. Wasn't it Chaplin who found a love-sick girl crouched one early morning in a rose-bush beside his door?

Once when Gloria Swanson returned from Paris, her car was pelted with flowers and from a platform noted directors made speeches of greeting. Mary Pickford and other stars have received such spectacular welcomes, too.

That so many do keep a balanced outlook is a source of amazement to me, and of a deep respect for their analytical powers.

Whenever Marie Dressler goes abroad, the presidential suite on the boat is given to her, regardless of what her reservations—invariably simpler—may have been. Nor is she assessed any extra charge. Upon arriving at San Francisco's largest hostelry, Lilyan Tashman found awaiting her a suite more expensive than the one she had ordered, its rooms filled with flowers and baskets of fruit, and a maid assigned to take care of her wardrobe and of her needs during her stay. These superlative gestures were not included on the bill.

And that, my dears, is traveling *de luxe* . . . at a nominal cost.

Miss Dressler is fêted everywhere and inspires a friendly feeling in every crowd. The policemen and newsboys on the New York streets yell to her when she passes in private motor or taxi. One day in Los Angeles a traffic signal stopped her car. People rushed out from the curb, extending their hands for hearty shakes through the window. An officer had to clear the way that she—and the line of motors which she was unwittingly holding up—

might proceed. In Honolulu, she was serenaded each night under her hotel balcony. When she shops, women cluster around, engaging her in conversation.

"Not after all these years of changes!" Richard Dix laughed at some one's suggestion that the acclaim of "Cimarron" might turn his head. "Why, during my first movie success, I had one spell when I practically went cuckoo over public approval. I've been broke, and ill, and lots of other troublesome things, but I never was so blue as I was when I realized that the back-slapping was mostly flattery.

"I caught friends, professional associates, even strangers, handing me the baldest sort of stuff. And I didn't know how to act when I saw through it. Girls would rush up and gurggle—to a rugged, angle-faced guy like me—that blah about being an Adonis. But now I know that flatterers either have a selfish motive, or else they are sincere enough in a fanatic sort of way. Whereas, I used to think that either they were crazy, or I, now I consider it merely just another phase of human conduct."

"I lost my head over flattery," Ricardo Cortez also admitted. "It would have been hard to avoid conceit. I began to read all the publicity about myself, to study my portraits printed in the magazines. I pawed eagerly through my fan mail, looking for extravagant praise. But I got cured when I noted how one's popularity went up and down with one's luck."

As they have scant time for shopping tours, the feminine stars are permitted to make their selections quietly at home. The shops send out for their inspection the newest gowns and accessories, accompanied by models, saleswomen and fitters. Many put aside their best merchandise until it is convenient for such valuable customers to make their "previews", before it is placed on public sale. Ruth Chatterton and Kay Francis are among

those fortunate women who avoid bargain-hunting wrangles.

The stars set fashions, their manners and interests are widely copied. Imitation is the subtlest form of flattery, you know. Everything from babies to towns has been named after them: Gary, Montana, the Charles (Buddy) Rogers Airport in Kansas, the Will Rogers Hotel in Claremore, Oklahoma, the *Constancia* (Bennett) tango. Greta Garbo, a filly owned by a Frenchman, ran in the Epsom Derby.

Dressing-rooms are done over elaborately to please the taste of each stellar occupant. Paramount showed Dietrich respect by having a designer arrange a make-up manor exquisite in grays and pastel blues. Marlene, however, was not impressed. "The color is not goot," she remarked. "I would like henna, instead." So they hastened to comply.

Now, you and I are satisfied with most any place to hang our hats where we work. But, suppose we should become reel royalty? Mightn't we find it difficult to accommodate ourselves?

One feminine admirer sends Clark Gable daily gifts of cigars and cigarets. Another sent him a collection of expensive pipes that would last an average man several lifetimes. A Florence Britton fan sends her three red roses every morning and parks his car at the entrance to Laurel Canyon every day, to catch a glimpse of her as she whizzes past.

Landing his 'plane unexpectedly on a bumpy field filled with pastured cattle, David Manners was confronted by an excited individual who exclaimed, "This is wonderful! I'll get this on the front pages of the newspapers. The city will finance an airport on my property when they know that celebrities like David Manners are landing here."

Well, how *would* you behave? Are you *sure*?



Behind Their Publicity Fronts

What are the stars really like behind their masks of publicity? Is Adolphe Menjou really the impeccable man-about-town you've been led to believe? And what's the real truth about Jean Harlow? Clara Bow? *Made-To-Order Reputations*, written by an authority for January SCREENLAND, rips away the hokum and bunkum of publicity and reveals the stars as they actually are. It may shatter some of your illusions—but its truth you owe it to yourself to read.

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An Outstanding Star

A Novelized Version
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JANUARY SCREENLAND

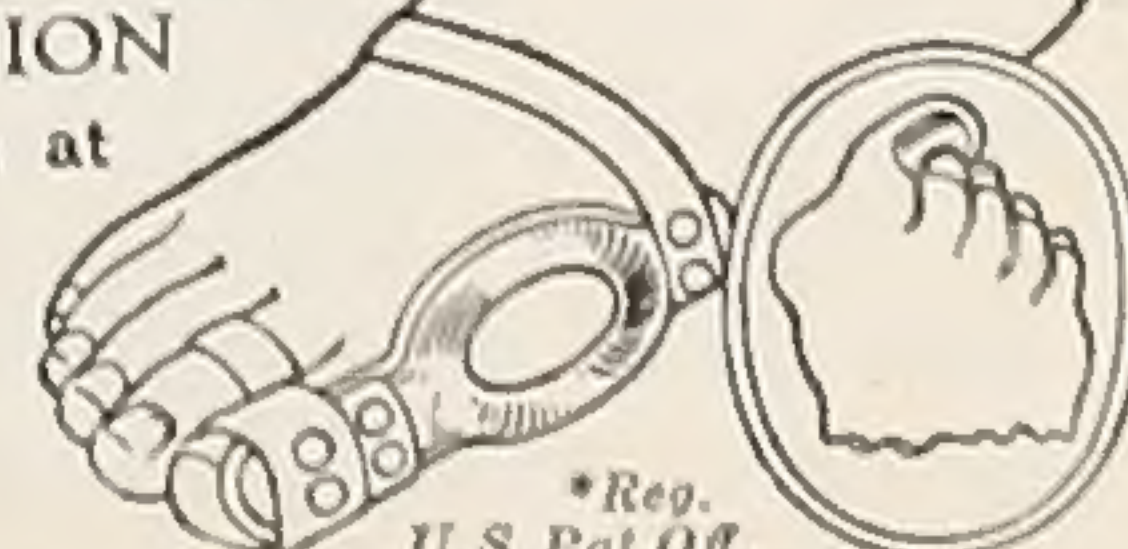
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Greta Garbo and Clark Gable in "Susan Lenox" and at left Garbo and Ramon Novarro in "Mata Hari"

The Final Thing

as it must henceforth be for her, Garbo forces you to take sides against decency and morality—with her. What has been, cannot now be changed, but the battle is not lost while she has the power that lies within her, and which surges out of her in that fraction of time. Circumstances may not stop her—environment is only the stage setting of life—there is only one thing in the world, and that is Justice, and Garbo signs up with a gesture that is magnificent. It is due to this fighting spirit of Garbo that not one person seeing her but accepts her viewpoint, though it be a most horrible one. Virtue—nothing, chastity—nothing, but truth glows with a divine radiance. Such is Garbo's *Susan*.

There are many places in the picture that one enjoys thinking about and not the least is the great quality of intensity that Gable has in the scene as he leaves the politician's dinner. But, perhaps, the most wonderful bit is Garbo in love sadly hearing Gable scornfully jeering, "Just the *price* of a marriage license, that's all." Garbo hurt, sorry that their world is so hideous, listens and gives out a gentle patience, a very aura of love with her suffering eyes.

We like Garbo very much.

* * *

NOW "The New Year reviving old desires" is upon us. And what better wish for you can there be than that this promise become thrilling fact. May you all feel the urge of desires, the nagging, prodding stimulation and itch for something. May your ambition wax until you hold to your breast your fondest desire; may your longing for fame and for the respect of others grow to such dominating proportions that you become henceforth renowned in song and story for your great goodness of heart.

Happy New Year.

The Editor

NOW that a large percentage of the fans have seen Greta Garbo and Clark Gable in "Susan Lenox" the letters are coming in with the lavish abundance of autumn leaves. Some are brilliant, some are heavy and drop sadly upon our desk, but the pile is in the main a gay and happy mass expression complimentary to our favorite star.

When a famous writer produces a book, the book reviewers seize the opportunity it gives them to air their own knowledge. When a famous star produces a picture, every picture critic feels that he must justify his existence and show his knowledge of pictures when he writes his review of the talked about film. Cheap cracks may not be worked off with safety when it is a Garbo picture—it is much too crucial a time. In fact, Garbo is less on the pan than the critic. It is a time when the critic is like the old man with the telescope who stands at the entrance to Bryant Park. He has little credit for Venus shining down upon New York, but he goes up in our estimation if he reveals new beauties for us.

All right. Through our small telescope let us show you a greater Garbo than you have ever seen.

In the picture, after her night of love, we see Garbo catching her "leedle" fish. Here is a simplicity, a naturalness and a proclamation. She is a complete and happy woman. Gone are the doubts, the horrors of her life and the chill of fear. All told in a second with a little fish.

The story runs on, and we come to the scene when Gable will have no more of her and sends her back to the circus owner. "All right," says Garbo, "... the gutter shall pay." In that defiance, in the moment of acceptance of the world

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Columbia Pictures' Star



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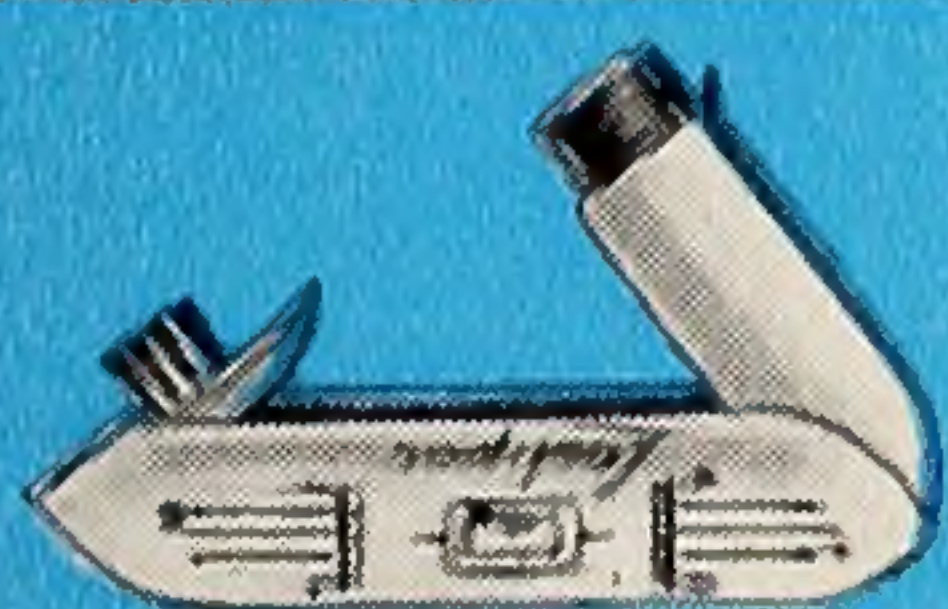
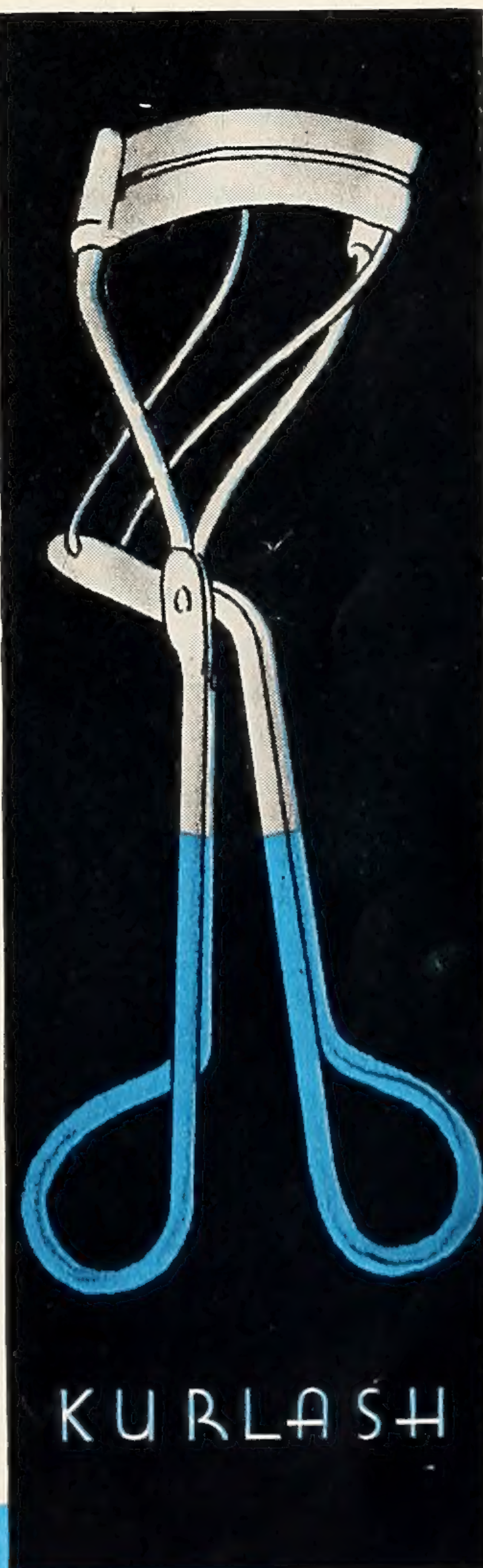
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